

The Listener

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'Caught in the Act!' by Thomas Rowlandson: from the eighty-fifth annual exhibition of water-colour drawings now on view at Thomas Agnew and Sons, 43, Old Bond Street, London

In this number:

The Future of the Bank of England (Andrew Shonfield)

The Harwell Experiments with Zeta (W. B. Thompson)

Recollections of Lewis Carroll (Ethel Hatch)



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The Listener

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The Future of the Bank of England

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

THE Bank of England was the first thing the Labour Party nationalised after it gained office in 1945. Mr. Hugh Dalton, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, told the House of Commons during the debate on the bill that it was going to be the model for future nationalisation measures—'a streamlined Socialist statute', he said. He went on to claim that the new arrangements in the Bank were 'essential to assure the successful working of our Five Year Plan'. This was good fighting stuff, designed to provoke the Conservative opposition to one of those rough verbal exchanges which the Labour Chancellor particularly relished. It was the autumn of 1945, and this was the first advertised move in the great social revolution that the Labour Government was setting out to accomplish. Yet the Conservatives hardly stirred during the debate; they put up only token opposition to the measure. Even the usual exchange of parliamentary unpleasantries across the House was perfunctory and restrained.

The explanation of the paradox is not, as some of the socialists seem to have believed at the time, that the Tories were still stunned by their electoral defeat, but that they saw clearly that the act of nationalisation, as Mr. Dalton had conceived it, was not going to result in any change of importance. Subsequent events have shown how right they were. Behind the façade of a revolutionary measure which conferred on the nationalised central bank unusually sweeping powers—much wider than in most other countries—there was the practical assurance that everything in the organisation of the Bank of England was going to remain as it had been before. The Labour Government dismissed the shareholders with compensation and put a couple of trade unionists on the Court of Directors. That was the total effect of nationalisation. For the real purpose of the act was, as Mr. Dalton himself admitted at one point during the debate, 'to make the law fit

the facts': it was to consolidate in precisely its existing form the honoured place which the Bank of England had established for itself in the life of the community. There was no attempt at reform, no desire to create a central bank in tune with the changed needs of a modern state with its vastly increased range of economic responsibilities.

Almost the first requirement of a modern central bank is that it should explain itself. It is after all the long arm of the state, reaching out directly into the sphere of private enterprise. The pressures which it applies through the monetary and credit system are intended to sway the business decisions of thousands of firms all over the country. Other central banks outside Britain go out of their way to tell the business world, first, how they view the current economic situation from their vantage point at the centre of the system, and, second, what they are trying to do about it. For all the talk about the Bank of England's need to keep close contact with the City of London—the reason usually given for having part-time City directors on the Court of the Bank—the City as a whole knows remarkably little about the Bank's doings, certainly less than business men in any other major commercial centre in Western Europe or America know about their central bank.

This is part of the tradition of secrecy, which the Bank of England has inherited from its long history as a successful commercial bank. The banker's excuse for not explaining anything is that it might give one of its customer's secrets away. But a modern central bank is, or ought to be, totally different in character and spirit from any ordinary bank. Its job is to use its control over the supply of money and interest rates to induce people in industry and commerce to act in certain ways. These actions, which determine whether more or fewer factories are built, what stocks of materials are kept by industry, and whether the price level goes

up or down, are the targets of central bank policy. The Governor of the Bank, on this showing, acts as a kind of deputy Chancellor of the Exchequer; only he is on the job of influencing business decisions twenty-four hours a day, instead of every now and then, through the Budget or some other legislative act. It is no use pretending that he is, as Sir Stafford Cripps once put it, the Chancellor's 'creature'; he has more initiative than any other man in the day-to-day conduct of the business affairs of the nation. Cripps' over-confident assertion was characteristic of the Labour Party's misunderstanding of what it had done in nationalising the Bank of England. Of course, the Governor's policy must ultimately conform to the Chancellor's wishes; but the Chancellor is bound to be influenced in his turn by the expert advice which the Governor can give him as a result of his more intimate contacts with the business world.

Monthly Bulletins

Dr. Vocke, the first chief of the new German central bank after the war, who guided monetary policy during the period of the German industrial revival until he retired last year, once told me that he would not have been able to succeed in his task if he had not been ready to engage directly in journalism. He was referring to the monthly bulletin of the bank, a full and up-to-date account of the whole of German economic activity—wages, industrial order books, exports, balance of payments—with the bank's views on the whole lot. It is an extremely helpful document for anyone engaged in business; I have known people defer decisions in order to find out first what the central bank thought about some matter. The writing of the bulletin is regarded as a task of the highest priority; the executive directors discuss every phase of it, and Dr. Vocke told me that he went through the proofs himself and sometimes rewrote whole sections.

I do not wish to be taken as approving all aspects of the policy which Dr. Vocke pursued as head of the German Bank. He was a hard money man of the old school—a banker's banker, with something of contempt in his attitude towards politicians and political decisions. But he did have an imaginative conception of the way in which a central bank should play its hand in a modern democratic society, where the aim of the authorities is to influence the course of business constantly, but to avoid taking direct control of it. The American central banking system, although it can be criticised on other counts, seems to be infused by a similar spirit. The Federal Reserve Board in Washington publishes a monthly bulletin, and goes out of its way to publicise its doings: nobody is ever in any doubt about what the Federal Reserve is up to, when it buys or sells securities in the open market. Here, for comparison, is an account of British practice by Professor Sayers, who is the country's leading expert on the subject and is certainly not ill-disposed towards the Bank of England:

The Bank of England issues a weekly statement of accounts, cast in a form dictated by a theory abandoned eighty years or more ago, and meaning scarcely anything. As a nationalised industry, it publishes an annual report in which it gives us a few new facts, some of interest but most of them only curiosities, and pads this out with a few pages of facts already published elsewhere.

Intellectual Stimulus?

But perhaps the worst consequence of not being compelled to sort out your ideas each month and to publish them is that they never get properly sorted out at all. It is certainly the opinion of the German central bankers with whom I have discussed the matter that the writing of their monthly bulletin provides an invaluable occasion for reaching a coherent view of what is happening in the economy, and what they ought to do about it. I have been asked what kind of intellectual stimulus the Bank of England uses to achieve the same end. I do not know the answer. The picture of the process given in the evidence before the Bank Rate Tribunal was certainly not inspiring. What, after all, was the question at issue in that critical week in the middle of September? There was a run on the pound at a time when the British balance of payments on current account—that is, the balance between our current earnings and outgoings—was extremely strong. It was probably stronger than at any other time

since the war. But there were capital movements out of sterling into other currencies, particularly German marks, which had to be met out of the gold reserve. As the gold reserve fell, there were rumours that the pound would be devalued. The immediate problem was: what kind of gesture would be recognised abroad as convincing evidence that the British Government was not going to devalue the pound? Raising Bank rate by a substantial amount was the familiar response, which foreign bankers normally recognise as an earnest of good intentions; the only question was whether on this occasion they might not regard it as a measure of panic, and run still harder from the pound.

All the discussing and the hurrying to and fro of bankers round Threadneedle Street was concerned with this one question. And the answer, when it came, was, as Sir George Bolton told the Tribunal, that 7 per cent. by itself 'might have been regarded as an act of desperation'; that it would have to be accompanied by other measures of monetary restriction at home. What I find surprising is that the Bank had not gone into all this some time before, say in August, and prepared its answer. After all, the speculation against the pound had been proceeding right through the late summer. There is no reason to believe that the answer which the Court of Directors finally gave in September would have been any different in August. The reply given was the standard banker's response to a foreign exchange crisis—higher interest rates and a dose of deflation. One would have thought that a properly functioning Court of Directors would have been ready with their answer on the same Sunday afternoon, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer put the question—or at the very latest by Monday midday. Then, if the matter was really urgent, the Governor could have acted that very afternoon. It is worth recalling that Montagu Norman put up the Bank rate in 1925 on his own authority during the week, without waiting for the solemn formality of the Thursday morning meeting.

The slow-footed approach, and the absence of a prepared intellectual position representing the collective view of the Bank, are one of the results of the system of part-time directors. It looks as though this produces all the delays usually associated with a bureaucratic system, while at the same time it weakens the collective thinking process, which ought to be going on continuously among the people running a central bank. The final impression left is that there is too little professionalism, and that the national cult of the not-so-gifted amateur has got out of hand.

Tinge of Make-believe

But there is something else which is even more disturbing, and that is the faint tinge of make-believe about this whole elaborate ritual, by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is supposed to leave the matter to the Court of the Bank of England. This is, after all, an issue of high government policy. The Bank's answer when it comes is roughly this: 'Yes, we agree to a rise of Bank rate, but on condition that you cut down investment or deflate in some other way'. The question is, then: where does the Bank's authority end? Do the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer run the country or is it the domain of Mr. Cobbold, Lord Kindersley, and the other directors of the Bank of England? On the face of it, it looks as though the position which Sir Stafford Cripps described is reversed, and the Cabinet has become the Bank's 'creature'.

I do not myself believe that this is what really happens. That is why I get a slight feeling of play-acting from reading the evidence of the Bank Rate Tribunal. The confusion of functions, which is part of the make-believe, certainly does not make for rapidity of action and decision in a crisis. It would be better to recognise openly the truth that the act of nationalisation does not, as the Labour Party pretended, turn the Bank into just another department of the Government, to recognise that a central bank inevitably has a certain measure of independence in some spheres of policy and to delimit the respective areas controlled by the Bank and the Treasury afresh. Above all, let this process of delimitation, along with the other aspects of financial policy in which the Bank is concerned, be open and explicit. Relations between the Bank and the Treasury have too often in the past been strained, partly because of these undefined areas of responsibility. People abroad, who are concerned with these matters, have sometimes

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Bringing New Life to the Po Delta

By NINETTA JUCKER

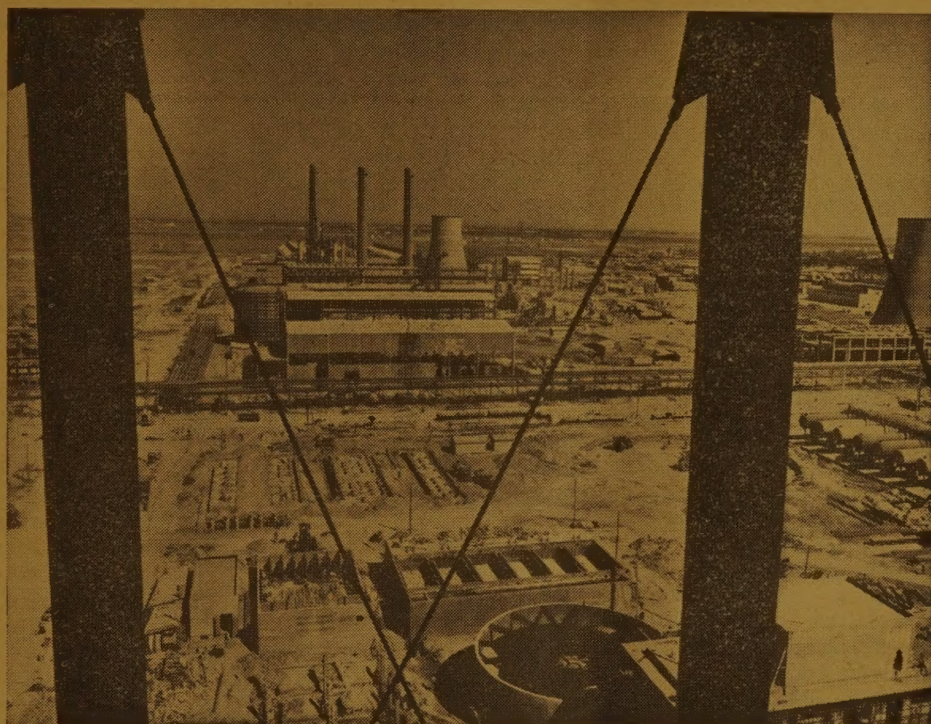
TOURISTS in Venice are often unaware that only a few miles from this busy and delightful town lies the Po Delta, which is one of the most poverty-stricken regions in Italy. In fact, it is the great depressed area of the north. It lies between Chioggia and Ravenna on the Adriatic coast and covers more than sixty miles of land traversed by the four main branches and the innumerable offshoots of the Po. Much of it is below sea level but, for its inhabitants, the dramatic fact is that it is below river level. As the Adriatic recedes from this coast the ground tends to sink and the river is constantly breaking its laboriously piled-up banks, leaving acres and acres of land under flood.

The country is well worth a visit not only for its romantic beauty but because it is the site of an important experiment in land reform and of an even more interesting experiment in industrialisation. To gauge the progress of these two experiments I visited the delta again this summer. But before telling you what I saw I should like to describe the environment in which these experiments are being carried out.

In the days of the Venetian Republic the delta came under the supervision of an important magistrate who enjoyed the delightful title of the Justice of the Waters. The 'Serene Republic' had a wholesome respect for the Po and did its best to keep the great river in order. But to a united Italy the control of the delta ceased to appear an urgent problem and the region was practically forsaken. Although they lived only a few miles from the great university cities of Padua and Bologna the inhabitants of the delta could neither read nor write and today they still have the highest percentage of illiterates of any community in Italy. In 1876, Baron Franchetti and Sidney Sonnino made what was the first serious attempt to study the phenomenon of depression, and in their brilliant survey they pointed out that the standard of living in the Po Delta was even lower than in Sicily or Calabria—and that the delta population were more subject to pellagra. This, they thought, was due to the fact that the people of the delta ate no bread or flour but only *pollenta*, made from ground maize. *Pollenta* is still, today, the basic food in the area, and all too often it is eaten without so much as a slice of onion to help it down.

This northern depressed area is surrounded on three sides by rich agricultural zones. On the fourth it is bounded by the sea. This has left it more isolated and less self-conscious than it might have been if it had

formed part of the great chain of depressed areas which runs down the Apennines from Abruzzo to Calabria. But in 1950 it was included in the Italian Government plans, which were spurred on by the Christian Democrat Party. They then decided to tackle the problem of the delta, and set up a land reform

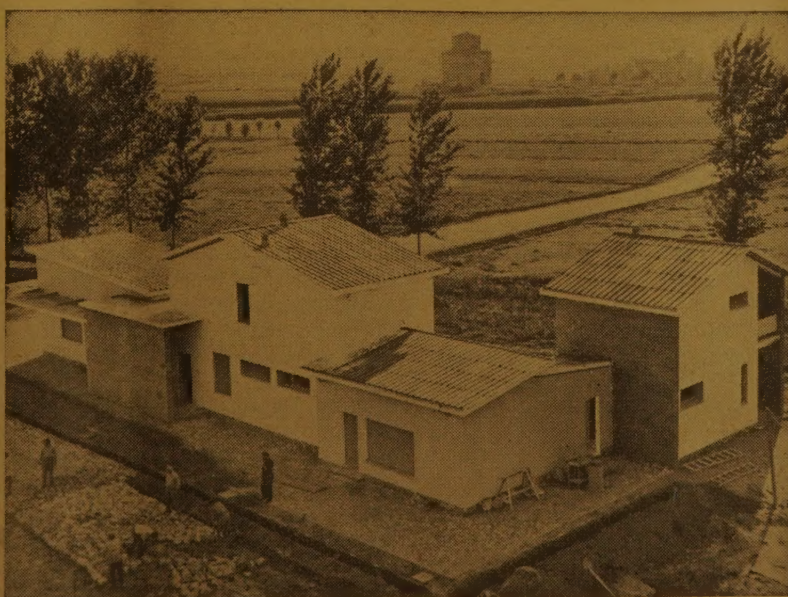


The new factory for synthetic rubber and fertilisers, built by a state-owned company near Ravenna. In the far distance are new farmhouses put up under the Delta Land Reform Scheme

scheme to reclaim and re-distribute 100,000 acres of land. Ironically, the headquarters of the reform organisation, known as the Ente Delta Pedano, are at Bologna, a city known to Italians as the home of epicures and a symbol of good living.

To give honour where honour is due, it must be admitted that the first attempt to redeem the delta country from its distress was made by the Fascist Government some twenty-five years ago. The farms set up and subsidised then are doing well and in many respects could serve as models for the present Government scheme. Then, as now, there was a political motive behind the reform, for the Po Delta has always been a region of political unrest. And no wonder, if you look at its economy.

About one third of the land in the delta lies either naturally or artificially under water in the so-called valleys. These are a great network of shallow pools in which eels and other fish



Houses being erected at San Giustina, a new village built under the Delta Land Reform Scheme

are bred for canning. The industry does not employ a great deal of labour and the 'valleys' require little attention. Their supervision employs only a few score of keepers. But if the land were drained and washed with fresh water, many acres could be converted to agriculture and would fully employ hundreds of families. But the 'valleys' for the most part belong to big land-owners who oppose the Government's plans for their conversion.

Apart from the eel reservoirs the greater part of the land in the delta is under sugar-beet and the sugar factories provide the main industry of the region. This is seasonal work with very long periods of unemployment. Its desultory nature and the fact that the supply of labour far exceeds the demand have always led to trouble, and it was against a background of unrest among the beet workers that the Socialist trade unions and the Catholic White Leagues developed here in the first decades of the century. The delta, with its three trouble-spot towns—Ferrara, Bologna, and Rovigo—has always been a bitter country. It was the home of anarchists and republicans in the last century and of socialists and communists in this, and for a short time between 1920 and 1922 agrarian fascism took on its most violent form in the Ferrara district. In fact, for scores of years, and until the end of this war, many delta men have seen exile and confinement on the islands. Armando Borghi, Italy's last surviving anarchist, describes the peculiar gait of those who returned after forty years of carrying a ball chained to their foot. That gait was not uncommon in these parts seventy years ago and less.

Today the population of the delta belongs to the class which, I believe, sociologists call the rural sub-proletariat. They are landless or almost landless peasants who seek casual employment in agriculture or anything that comes along. The number of days' work in the year which this region can offer is the lowest anywhere in Italy. There are places like Rosolina where a man is lucky if he can find work on sixty days out of the 365. Ninety days is the average at Mesolo, and the highest average in the delta is 142 at Porto Tolle.

Making Life Easier

These are the conditions the Government is trying to improve, and much has been done in the last six years to make life easier for at least some of the inhabitants of the delta. Seventeen thousand acres have been expropriated by the Land Reform Organisation, reclaimed, and made available for redistribution. More than 6,000 small farms have been set up and nearly 37,000 people have been settled on the land. Roads have been built and water conduits and electric cables laid. Two model villages have been set up, complete with shops, surgery, church, and village hall. Close upon £7,000,000 has been spent up to date on the scheme, but more money will have to be found by parliament if all the land now available for distribution is to be rationally developed. Already, in the short time that they have been settled, the new owners have improved production. The yield of rice and wheat per acre has increased and cattle has multiplied fourfold.

The aim of the scheme is to give full and stable employment to the families settled on the land. Each farm is calculated to support five to six people. This means that only one son should take over when the father retires. This may lead to difficulties later on, but for the moment some 6,400 families are provided for. But even so, the Government programme will not provide work for all the agricultural population in the delta. The funds available are not sufficient to develop the whole territory assigned to the Ente Delta as its working area. In fact, only 18 per cent. of this land has actually been acquired and transferred by the Ente. In the rest of its territory the old conditions still exist. Employment is precarious and the different types of farming and share-cropping contracts are inadequate to guarantee a living income to the thousands of families who have not been able to obtain self-supporting farms under the new scheme.

To relieve the very wide distress the Government has presented a Bill asking for £12,000,000 to be assigned for draining and reclaiming the lagoons and the eel ponds in the provinces of Ferrara and Rovigo. When passed, this Bill will make it possible to recuperate some 20,000 acres of land, but will completely change the character of the landscape.

If you have seen the film 'River Girl' or the film made from

Riccardo Bacchelli's novel *The Mill on the Po*, you will have some idea of the strange horizontal landscape of the lagoon. For miles round the only upright thing is the tall campanile of Comacchio which towers above the great flat expanse of land and water. Narrow paths, just wide enough for a bicycle, divide the fishponds. The beautiful but shabby old Venetian town of Comacchio broods silently and sadly over the landscape like Capo d'Istria, its opposite number on the other side of the Adriatic.

A Country Full of Memories

The delta is a country full of memories, but the shifting waters of the Po have altered or obliterated many traces of the past. Under all this mud, aerial photography located last year the lost Etruscan emporium of Spina, the Etruscans' most northern settlement and probably their only trading post on the Adriatic, and archaeologists are now busy there digging up evidence of the first importance. It seems as though the port had been rebuilt further east at least once, and probably twice, so between the ninth and sixth centuries B.C. the Adriatic was already retreating at a good pace, as it did from Ravenna a thousand years later. At Ravenna, St. Appolinare in Classe is the only vestige left of the port which Justinian built to protect his fleet. And somewhere under the mud of the delta the great Roman flagstones of the Via Romea, the land route from the eastern provinces to Rome, must still be lying. Today a fine motor road is being built and is bringing new life to such backwaters as the lovely Romanesque Abbey of Pomposa. It was here that St. Gregory devised the first known system of writing music. The abbey is now being used as a hostel by the farmer students of the land-reform scheme. But the greatest change in the landscape is taking place near Ravenna in the same woods where Garibaldi took refuge from his pursuers after Anita's death. Here the National Hydrocarbon Organisation is building an immense plant for the manufacture of synthetic rubber and nitrates. The existence of a natural source of methane is the reason why Ravenna was chosen for the site. This is a fortunate circumstance for it makes the project the first serious attempt in Italy to plant a big manufacturing industry in the heart of a depressed area.

The Ravenna project is now near completion. The plant, which covers about eighty acres, is almost entirely built and production is expected to start early in 1958. The proposed output is enormous. The Italian company will be combining two known processes in a new succession never tried before. Hundreds of millions of cubic metres of methane, and an even greater volume of air, will be combined to produce acetylene, which will be turned into acetilide, and this eventually becomes butadiene which, combined with stiroil, makes the rubber. The hydrogen liberated in this process goes to another part of the plant for the production of ammonia and hence of nitrates. If there is anything in the world in which one thing leads to another it is in the petro-chemical industry. So the plant at Ravenna has been planned in such a way that it can branch out into new ramifications without interfering with the complete original cycle.

Criticism and Opposition

Naturally the new venture of Italian state enterprise at Ravenna has raised a storm of criticism and opposition. Private industry does not like to see the state invading its province and extending its operations 'vertically' from the production of power to the manufacturing process. The signs are, however, that when production actually starts at Ravenna the opposition will die down. The Montecatini chemical industry, which had most reason to fear the new price competition with the state producer of fertiliser, is reported to be turning its attention from agricultural chemical products to other fields. But the greatest victory for the state concern is the last annual report of the Pirelli tyre company. Pirelli welcomes national synthetic rubber and says it will use the new product in preference to natural rubber. This admission comes from the stronghold of private enterprise. All this will bring about an almost unimaginable change in the delta. The tourist may perhaps feel some regrets. Certainly D'Annunzio's epithet 'Ravenna the Silent' will cease to apply to this lovely and historic town.—*Third Programme*

The United States and World Power

By H. G. NICHOLAS

TWO years after American entry into the last war anyone who travelled by air across the United States was likely to find, served with his lunch or dinner, a pat of butter stamped with the words 'Remember Pearl Harbour'. To the European in particular, for whom butter was invested with the appeal of the scarcest of rationed commodities, there was something peculiarly bizarre in finding it thus literally impressed into the service of the war effort.

In the Old World the war was to be won by abstention, by putting your guns before butter; in the New by consumption—provided that, as the butter melted, you remembered the need for guns as well. For to many Americans war meant guns plus butter. And herein, of course, lay both the strength and the weakness of America's war effort. The economy's phenomenal capacity enabled it to turn out, on top of most of its peace-time goods, the avalanche of arms needed to smother the Axis over five continents, and thus encouraged the illusion that any interference with the combination of War and Plenty was positively un-American.

War Problem Unknown to Europe

It was to a public thus lapped in normality that the buttered slogan was addressed, a public who had never heard a shot fired in anger or a bomb dropped with malice aforethought. What elsewhere was achieved by the enemy had here to be attempted by the advertiser and the propagandist. This was a problem unknown to war leaders in Europe, but ever present to the minds of those who had to organise and sustain the war effort of the United States. Small wonder that to the war's end there remained unrepentant pockets of American isolationists who believed that the whole thing had been unnecessary, that Roosevelt had 'caused' Pearl Harbour, or that Hitler and Stalin could well have been left to tear each other to pieces unaided. The wonder was rather that these pockets were so small, that so many Americans had acted in defiance of their deepest continental predilections, and had accepted not only in war but also in peace so great a degree of involvement in the affairs of a world largely remote and generally intractable.

For this reorientation of the American mind we have become accustomed—and rightly—to according most of the credit to Franklin Roosevelt. Forty years earlier, however, another Roosevelt, Theodore, had seen the United States in a setting of world power and responsibility and had endeavoured to communicate his vision to his fellow Americans. Hitherto, something less than justice has been done to Teddy Roosevelt's pioneering role in this endeavour. It has been overlaid by other familiar and ready-made images of his achievements: Roosevelt the rough-rider, Roosevelt the big game hunter, Roosevelt the friend of the Kaiser, the Roosevelt whose slogans are ready-made cartoonists' captions: 'Speak softly and carry a big stick', 'We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord'.

The Roosevelt thus evoked is a world figure all right—in the sense of a figure strutting on a world stage—but the figure for all its size is not adult; it is a sort of blend of boy scout and cowboy. However, in the last few years the publication of Roosevelt's correspondence and a re-examination of the diplomacy of his presidencies have led many American historians to think again about 'T.R.'. Thus in a recently published volume *Theodore Roosevelt and the Rise of America to World Power**, Professor Howard Beale has marshalled an impressive body of evidence to show that 'T.R.' deserves to be taken seriously both as a formulator and as an executor of American foreign policy. He demonstrates how birth, education, travel, and acquaintance all combined to give Roosevelt a better equipment for world diplomacy than any American since the early days of the republic. He depicts the circle of 'world-minded' intellectuals and publicists, Mahan,

Brooks Adams, Henry Cabot Lodge, Henry White, and Rudyard Kipling who were close to him throughout most of his active life. Finally he analyses his policies in respect to American imperialism, the Far East, the United Kingdom, Germany, and the Old World system of alliances and alignments in order to demonstrate that behind the cartoonists' 'T.R.' there was a diplomatists' 'T.R.', who was careful to be well-informed, tactful and discreet, whose assessments of power were cool and realistic, no matter how inflated his patrioteering oratory.

Professor Beale's contention, sustained as it is through many pages of scrupulous analysis, seems to me to be within its limits irrefutable. I say, within its limits, because Professor Beale has chosen to exclude from his review certain episodes, notably the Panama Canal negotiations, which reflect only too accurately the 'T.R.' of popular fancy, unrestrained and unprincipled, carrying a big stick but by no means speaking softly. But despite this, Professor Beale's thesis, as I say, seems a basically sound one. Nor ought it to come as a surprise to us. For Roosevelt did, after all, score successes of a kind that mere diplomatic rough-riding could not have achieved. He applied American power in situations remote from American shores, often in contexts in which no direct or easily dramatised American interest was involved—in fact, operating out of an isolationist continent, he practised interventionism, and pulled it off. The Portsmouth Treaty did end the Russo-Japanese War, and in the Moroccan crisis of 1905-6 it was American conciliation that procured the conference at Algeciras and American diplomacy that saved the conference from collapse. Well might Senator Bacon of Georgia complain—fruitlessly—that this constituted a departure from the 'settled policy of this Government since its foundation to abstain from taking part in such political controversies between European nations'. Complaint or no complaint, the fact remained that Roosevelt was successful, in face of a century-old tradition, in demanding and securing for his country a place in the councils of the nations.

Frustration at the Top

Yet, within less than ten years of Algeciras, a frustrated Roosevelt, watching the European war from his retirement, was wringing his hands at American impotence. History was being made—or indeed in his view unmade—in Europe, and the U.S.A. seemed indifferent and even craven in the face of it. Within fifteen years of Algeciras a frustrated Woodrow Wilson was wringing his hands—after a greater intervention, finally, than any of 'T.R.'s—at America's rejection of the promise and responsibilities of world leadership. Thirty years after Algeciras, the second Roosevelt, equally frustrated, equally impotent, was having to explain to an isolationist electorate that his modest proposal to 'quarantine' law-breaking nations did not mean that the U.S.A. should take any part in the quarantining process. The namesake of 'T.R.' was even having to put his signature to bills designed to legislate America into isolationism and to eliminate all presidential initiative in foreign policy, the so-called Neutrality Acts of the nineteen-thirties. What had brought 'T.R.'s' trail-blazing so near to dead-ending?

Just before the end of his presidency 'T.R.' confided to one of his British correspondents:

This people of ours simply does not understand how things are outside their own boundaries. Of course, I do not desire to act unless I can get the bulk of our people to understand the situation and to back up the action; and to do that I have got to get the facts vividly before them.

Behind and above the diplomatic manoeuvring of Roosevelt and his collaborators loomed the great leviathan, American public opinion, the 'men from Missouri' who had to be shown. In 1940 when the nation, largely unwittingly, stood in deadly peril much

* *Theodore Roosevelt and the Rise of America to World Power*. By Howard K. Beale: The Johns Hopkins Press (London: O.U.P.), 48s.

the same contrast struck home to the Alsop brothers, as they wrote in their *American White Paper* of the gap between those who 'read the cables' and those who could not, and of the problem that bridging that gap presented.

In most countries at most times the bridging of that sort of gap has been the task of political leadership—that indeed is what leadership is for. But in the U.S.A. leadership has had to contend with the peculiar phenomenon that the impulses and instincts of isolationism have actually been institutionalised within the structure of government itself. Historically Congress in general and the Senate in particular is nothing less, in this connection, than an institution designed to say 'No', to express and even to magnify those elements in American opinion which are averse from any assumption of world responsibility. 'T.R.' realised this, of course—even barked his shins on it—and it was his Secretary of State, John Hay, who ruefully remarked that sending a treaty to the Senate was like sending a bull into the arena. All the same, Roosevelt was spared Woodrow Wilson's stultifying experience at the hands of the Senate partly because, for all his daring, he never had to bring before them any major treaty commitment. But there was another reason, too. The public ignorance of which Roosevelt complained was an ignorance of the dangers as well as of the importance of diplomacy; it was indeed the reflection of a pervasive lack of interest in foreign affairs as such. In the rich, confident, secure world of the nineteen-hundreds the American public was consequently ready to give their darling 'T.R.' large areas of foreign policy to play with, as it were—like a rich man giving his favourite son a few thousands to play the markets with: if he wins, well and good; if he loses, the paternal bank account can easily stand the strain.

Professor Beale is at some pains to show how erroneous such confidence often turned out to be—how, for example, Roosevelt's China policy nourished the nationalism that half a century later was to turn into the communism of Mao Tse-tung, or how the secret Taft-Katsura Agreement virtually handed Korea over to Japan. At the time, however, 'T.R.'s' diplomatic ventures, for all their daring and all their military or naval flourishes, never really brought the American people close to any real danger. It was 'brinkmanship' over a very shallow abyss, a trapeze act with a very adequate safety net. Thus 'T.R.'s' electorate was able to enjoy all the agreeable sensations of cutting a world figure without having to expend simultaneously any of the blood or taxes which eventually were needed to foot the bills. When, in the years after 1914, some of the bills came in, the electorate recoiled in revulsion—although Roosevelt, with creditable consistency, accepted the price as legitimate as well as inescapable. Other countries, like Britain, which no less enjoyed the pleasures of cutting a world figure, are fortunate in seldom having been beguiled with such an insidious time-lag between the pleasures and the price of power. Some of our power may have come to us cheap, but payment for it has generally been on a cash basis. Thus to a considerable extent we have been spared the shattering

reaction which has followed when the bills came in, the extreme of disillusionment after the 'war to end wars', or the search for a scapegoat for the 'loss' of China, or the bitterly partisan revulsion after the 'police action' in Korea. By contrast with our own progress from insularity to continentalism, America's development from isolationism to world-mindedness has been a matter of alternate plunges and withdrawals, like waves upon a steeply shelving shore.

Where this progress towards involvement has entailed, as it generally has, involvement in 'foreign wars'—the phrase is significant—it has always presented a peculiar strain for the United States. America has grown up, has indeed found its historic *raison d'être*, in being a receiving country, a sub-continent which has recruited its people from all parts of the earth and which has believed in an almost Zionist manner that its immigrants were in a sense exiles being gathered in—not indeed in the sense that there had ever been an American *diaspora*, but in the sense that it was not until they came to America and embraced the American way of life that they found their true fulfilment, their true home. For such a 'gathered people' nothing is more difficult than to go out and assume world responsibilities on other shores, to fight and rule and administer alien populations, to underpin with American strength and manpower basically un-American cultures. In this respect history places the U.S.A. at the opposite pole from Britain, whose whole life has been that of an emitting society, a country which has lived by sending out its sons and daughters, its soldiers, colonists, and administrators, as well as its traders, to the ends of the earth. To such a people the assumption of responsibilities, however painful, is natural. Even where they do not do the job well, they cannot easily lose the consciousness that there is a job to do.

With such obstacles then standing in the way of American 'world-mindedness', the wonder is not that Theodore Roosevelt failed in his crusading attempts to crowd a cycle of historical development into his two presidencies. The matter for surprise should rather be that in exactly half a century after his retirement from office the U.S.A. should find herself the main pillar of the United Nations, the indispensable member of Nato, the architect of Seato and Anzus—as well as being the principal dispenser of economic and military aid round the globe. It is conventional to return thanks for this to America's enemies, to Hitler and Stalin, to Mao Tse-tung and Khrushchev. But the response to their challenges had to be organised within the United States itself, and when one examines that response it is impossible to resist the conclusion that its adequacy or inadequacy depends above all on the leadership provided, as 'T.R.'s' was, in the Presidency. Secretaries of State deserve their share of praise—or blame. Congressmen and Senators can help or hinder. But the great forward movements of American world policy have come about only when there have been men of vision, courage, and energy in the White House. This was true in 'T.R.'s' time; it is even truer today.—*Third Programme*

Controlled Thermonuclear Reaction

W. B. THOMPSON on the Harwell experiments with Zeta

NATURAL atomic power, which heats the Sun, is produced by the fusion of atomic nuclei, while the opposite process, nuclear fission, has been developed into a practical artificial power source, and from Calder Hall is feeding energy into the nation's grid. The search for a method of controlling the former process, nuclear fusion, has been going on in a number of places, and I would like to discuss here the principles underlying the experiments done at Harwell under the direction of Peter Thoneman.

The Sun, we know, burns ordinary hydrogen, the commonest of all elements, but we do not see how this can be done on earth, and we expect to use, as the next best, heavy hydrogen—deuterium—which forms 1 part in 5,000 of natural hydrogen. Although this is a small fraction, the energy released per atom in a nuclear

reaction is so great that the energy obtained as nuclear power from the hydrogen in a bucket of water is about fifty times that obtained as chemical power from a bucket of petrol; so if nuclear fusion can be controlled, the pessimistic nightmare of the wheels of civilisation stopped for want of fuel can be forgotten—leaving only the nightmare of uncontrolled nuclear fusion, the hydrogen bomb.

Unfortunately, it is not easy to gain control of fusion energy and the only way in which it has been artificially released on a large scale so far has been in the hydrogen bomb—scarcely controlled power. The difficulty is the electric charge on the nuclei which forces them apart. Thus a reaction is only possible if two nuclei strike one another with enough violence to overcome this electrical barrier; only such energetic collisions produce reactions.

The only way that we can see of producing fusion power is from a thermonuclear reaction; that is the nuclear analogue of an ordinary chemical reaction, initiated by heat. Since only energetic collisions can produce fusion, it is only in extremely hot matter that thermonuclear reactions take place. In fact, the temperature must exceed 1,000,000 degrees C. before any reaction can be detected, even by the most sensitive means. It is obtaining these high temperatures that constitutes the greatest problem in the search for fusion power.

When I speak of a mass of gas at 1,000,000 degrees the question that comes to mind is that asked of the alchemist seeking the universal solvent—'How do you contain it?' No material will stand such an extraordinary temperature, any material wall would vaporize; so it has been suggested that we use the gas itself as an insulator, just keeping hot a spot in the middle but at such high temperatures the gas atoms are ionized—split into their constituents, positively charged nuclei and negative electrons—and a hot ionized gas is an extremely good heat conductor. In fact, an ionized gas differs from a normal gas in so many ways that it has been suggested that we should consider it as a new state of matter, the plasma—thus, normal matter has four states, solid, liquid, gas—or fully ionized gas.

Since the Sun and all stars which make up most of the matter in the Universe are fairly well ionized, the plasma is probably the commonest state of matter. The most important property distinguishing a plasma from a normal gas is that, being composed of charged particles, it responds to electric and magnetic fields, and this is the property which makes containment possible. We can contain a plasma by pushing it away from the walls of a vessel by electro-magnetic forces, finally producing a mass of hot gas surrounded by empty space. How is this done? In the first place, a magnet can exert a force on an object at a distance acting through its magnetic field. Moreover, magnetic fields exert force on matter carrying electric currents, which is why an electric motor works. It is this force of a magnetic field on a current that can be used to confine a plasma. Currents can be produced in the plasma in a magnetic field and the resulting force—the magnetic pressure—made to do the confining.

A great deal of ingenuity has been expended in thinking up shapes of plasma that can be contained by magnetic fields, and of fields to contain them, but I will describe only the very simplest. If two currents run parallel to each other, they interact with each other through their magnetic fields and are attracted towards each other; thus, if we have a cylindrical tube filled with plasma carrying a current along its axis, each bit of the plasma will be attracted toward the axis, and if the current is strong enough the plasma will be pulled away from the walls of the vessel. This self-constricted discharge provides the starting point for our approach to the production of thermonuclear reactions. The simplest procedure is to take a cylindrical vessel with electrodes at the end, fill it with heavy hydrogen, and pass an electric current through it. When the current is large enough the gas becomes ionized, the ionized gas pulls away from the walls so that no heat is lost, meanwhile the electric current passing through it heats the gas and it reaches an arbitrarily high temperature. To avoid heat losses to the ends of the cylinder it is better to bend the cylinder into a doughnut, and induce the electric current by a changing magnetic field.

Unfortunately this simple system does not work because it is unstable. In this it resembles a broomstick balanced on one end,

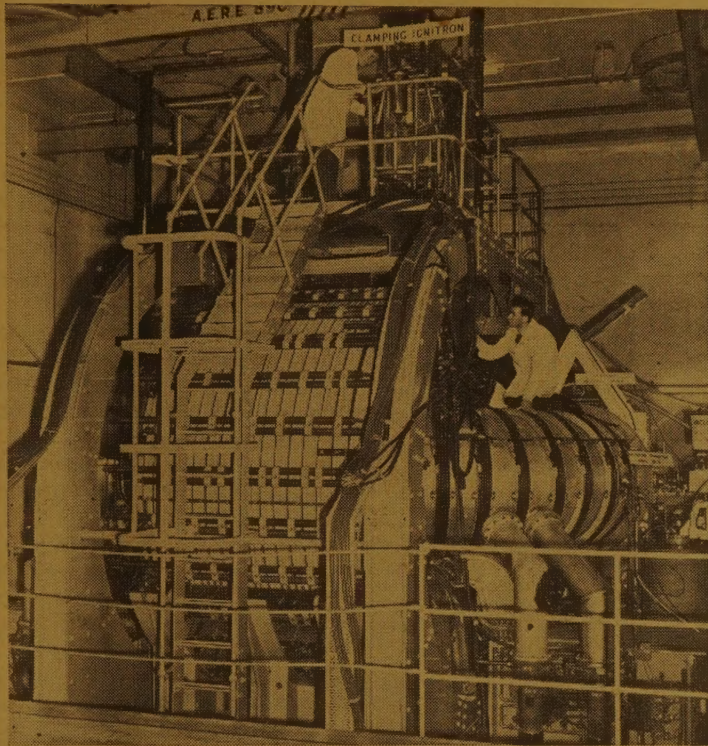
but whereas a broomstick can only fall over, a hydrodynamic system such as our plasma can be destroyed in an infinite number of ways, and there is no hope of emulating the juggler who balances a pole on his chin. We must find systems which not only confine a plasma but are stable. This requirement is much more difficult and it is necessary to investigate possible systems theoretically by elaborate mathematical methods. These have led to the discovery of a stable system rather like the simple constricted discharge but a good deal more difficult to produce in practice. The stabilised constricted plasma has the current flowing in a thin layer near its surface, which produces a magnetic field around the cylinder, while within the plasma there is a magnetic field running parallel to the axis of the cylinder. An essential feature is that outside the plasma there is very little axial magnetic field; it must all be trapped inside. So we call this the trapped field configuration, and it is just possible to produce it.

Zeta, the device used at Harwell to demonstrate thermonuclear reactions, produces a constricted discharge stabilised by trapped fields. Since this configuration is most easily produced on a large scale, Zeta is in fact quite big. It consists of a hollow vacuum metal doughnut, ten metres round and a metre in bore; a huge transformer core passes through its centre while around the doughnut are the windings that produce the axial magnetic field. In operation, the doughnut is evacuated, then filled to a very low pressure (a millionth of an atmosphere), with deuterium gas, and the axial field switched on. The primary windings of the huge transformer are connected to a source of electric power, and since the metal doughnut is broken by insulating sections the secondary current flows in the gas and in this way currents of over 100,000 amperes have been produced.

Since the core of the tube is so large, the current flows mostly near the outer edge of the plasma, and as the gas moves away from the walls it carries the axial field with it. As this goes on, the gas is heated by the currents, and becomes so hot that its temperature must be estimated by examining the light it gives off, using the astronomer's instrument, the spectrometer. Then, using the methods developed for estimating temperatures of stars, it is found to be about 5,000,000 degrees—a quarter of the temperature of the centre of the Sun. At the same time a small number of neutrons were detected, about the number expected from the fusion reactions in deuterium at that temperature. Thus, the experiment does strongly suggest that a controlled thermonuclear reaction has been produced and that a major step toward producing fusion power has been taken.

It is, however, only a first step. Before useful thermonuclear power can be produced, very much higher temperatures must be reached. I have told you how a plasma can be isolated by magnetic fields; however, it still loses heat like a red hot poker, by radiation, and until the nuclear energy is released rapidly enough to compensate for radiation losses no useful power can be obtained, and it is not until the temperature reaches 100,000,000 degrees that this balance is reached. Moreover, to make up for the energy used to heat the plasma, a reasonable fraction of the deuterium must be used up, which means that the current must be maintained for about a second, instead of only the five thousandths of a second that has been achieved in Zeta. Thus, although a major step has been taken, much work remains to be done before a thermonuclear power source is produced, indeed even before it is proved that it ever can be produced. We are all confident that it will be done—but then we are optimists.

—Network Three



General view of Zeta (zero energy thermonuclear assembly) at Harwell

The Listener

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Forgotten President

NEXT October is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt, who was President of the United States at the turn of the century. Mr. H. G. Nicholas in a broadcast talk, which is printed on another page, reviews a new book about him entitled *Theodore Roosevelt and the Rise of America to World Power*. The fame acquired by his namesake, Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose unique record in being four times elected President is never likely to be repeated, has overshadowed the achievements of his predecessor. Moreover the vast changes that have taken place in American and world history in the last fifty years make it easy to forget the part that Theodore Roosevelt played. Nevertheless Roosevelt was unquestionably one of the most remarkable holders of an office which has been graced by many outstanding statesmen. Although he was a Republican (like President Eisenhower) and thus belonged to a party which is usually considered slightly more conservative than the Democrats (Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt were Democrats) yet he was a fearless reformer. He contended against powerful Corporations, and broke a lance with the multi-millionaire Pierpont Morgan. Both as President and Governor of New York State, Theodore Roosevelt carried out useful pieces of social legislation and he was utterly fearless as a politician and as a man.

In terms of British history Theodore Roosevelt could be described as a jingo or an imperialist. He did not regard war in itself as wrong. In fact just as he believed that the individual should prove his manhood (as he proved his own by overcoming an asthmatic childhood and transforming himself into a cowboy and a soldier) so he thought that a nation must prove itself by asserting its authority in world affairs. He came to power in the age after the American frontier was closed and when a nation of 75,000,000 vigorous people was in an expansionist mood. He fought in the Spanish-American war, which he had advocated, and saw the United States obtain power in the Philippines and Puerto Rico as well as in Cuba. After he became President he was instrumental in acquiring the Panama Canal.

'Speak softly and carry a big stick' is supposed to have been one of Roosevelt's favourite quotations. After his imperialist phase he intervened both in the negotiations ending the Russo-Japanese war and the conflicts between Germany, France, and Britain over Africa. His successful mediation, which resulted in the Treaty of Portsmouth, earned him the Nobel Peace Prize; he contributed to the postponement of the first world war by the part played by the Americans in the conference at Algeciras. As Mr. Nicholas points out in his talk, it was during Roosevelt's term of office that the United States Government openly accepted its role as a world power. It does not seem that Roosevelt differed fundamentally from Woodrow Wilson's handling of the diplomatic situation at the beginning of the first world war, though he might have been more forthright than Wilson. But it was in the logic of history that the United States should ultimately have become involved, as they became, too, in the last war. Whoever had been President in the last sixty years of American history would no doubt have had to accept these new international responsibilities; but Theodore Roosevelt made no bones about them.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Baghdad Pact

ON THE EVE of the Baghdad Pact Council meeting in Ankara, *Tass* issued a statement (on January 21), which was broadcast in full on the Soviet home service and publicised also in Moscow's foreign services and by the satellite radios. The statement declared that 'the Middle East can and should become a zone of peace free of nuclear and rocket weapons, a zone of good neighbourhood and friendly co-operation between states'. But this, said the Soviet statement, was what the Baghdad Pact organisers sought to prevent at the Ankara meeting. Mr. Dulles was said to be going to Ankara to step up the activity of the Pact, whose 'actual leadership is now assumed by the United States Government'. The United States and Britain were trying to patch up the cracks in the Pact, which was 'in a state of paralysis', and with Turkey, to expand the bloc by dragging in new members, particularly the Lebanon and Jordan. After describing the deployment of nuclear weapons and the establishment of rocket bases in the Middle East as 'sacrilege of Moslem religious sentiments', *Tass* claimed that Mr. Dulles' journey to Ankara was aimed at uniting Nato, the Baghdad Pact and Seato—a merger which would mean that, however far away a conflict might flare up, the Baghdad Pact countries would be directly threatened by 'missiles and atomic war'.

The Soviet home audience was told, in a broadcast *Izvestia* article, that Washington was 'taking steps to broaden the circle of rocket bases round the Socialist countries' so as to include the western Mediterranean and Middle East. It added:

This dangerous playing with fire will inevitably back-fire on its initiators, and the first victims of a military conflict will certainly be the countries of the West with their thickly populated areas.

Similar warnings continued to pour out in broadcasts to Nato countries. A Moscow broadcast to Japan on 'the decision of the Japanese Government to bring into the country American guided missiles' ended with a warning about 'a retaliatory blow' and the assurance that the hydrogen bomb could 'destroy all living things in an area measuring several hundred kilometres across'. Cairo broadcasts pointed out that the *Tass* declaration on the Middle East clearly revealed to the Baghdad Pact states the danger of their position. According to a Cairo broadcast on January 22, Egyptian newspapers carried headlines about atomic or missile bases in Iraq and the Lebanon, and on a 'Soviet warning about destroying the Baghdad Pact countries if they approve missile bases'.

From the U.S.A., *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

It is, of course, totally false that the U.S. proposes to 'force' nuclear weapons or missile bases on any nation. . . . Should the Soviets have real military misgivings against any new missile bases, they can easily stop them. All they have to do is to agree to President Eisenhower's proposal for the control of outer space.

On January 25, Moscow radio quoted Mr. Khrushchev—in an address to agricultural workers in Minsk—as saying that it was urgent to hold a meeting of heads of Government, as a number of questions demanded immediate discussion. He stated that the Soviet leaders refused to discuss the German question at a summit meeting, but questions which should be discussed were suspension of nuclear tests, the ending of the cold war, the reduction of foreign troops in Germany and neighbouring countries, the creation of a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe, and the situation in the Middle East. Mr. Khrushchev was quoted as adding that if the Western Powers agreed to ban nuclear weapons and liquidate United States bases near the Soviet Union, Russia would be prepared to discuss the inter-continental ballistic rocket as part of a disarmament programme. Mr. Khrushchev also referred to his recent secret visit to Poland, where, he said, 'considerable difficulties' still existed, but where measures were being taken to strengthen the system of 'people's democracy'. Finally, Mr. Khrushchev referred to the 'fraternal assistance' which the Soviet Union had given to the Kadar Government in Hungary to suppress the attempt by 'international reaction' to 'restore capitalism and fascism' in Hungary.

Did You Hear That?

REBUILDING PLYMOUTH

THE REBUILDING of Plymouth has made rapid progress during the past few years, and it has now entered a new phase, for work has begun on the city's civic centre—the heart of the new Plymouth. JOHN TANTON, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'. 'Plymouth got quickly off the mark after the war', he said, 'with its rebuilding programme. Little demolition was required—the bombs had done all that. The scheme for re-development—the famous Abercrombie Plan—had been prepared well in advance, and today in the city area there is little of the old Plymouth left, and people who knew it only just before the war find it unrecognisable.

'Something like £10,000,000 has been spent; there are wide avenues of gleaming white buildings; big stores and small stores of modern design, light and airy. The roads are wide; open spaces and grass verges abound. If there are some traditionalists who do not like the uniformity there are others who think it is one of the cleanest and tidiest city centres in Britain.

'With such a vast rebuilding programme in front of it Plymouth had to arrange a strict order of priorities. Houses, schools, shops, banks and certain key offices came first. Only now is the city turning to its own offices, its law courts, concert hall, and a variety of other amenities which many people have long clamoured for. Some of them are still years ahead, but now at long last work on the municipal centre has begun. It is a project likely, under present estimates, to cost about £2,000,000, and there were voices raised in the City Council recently for putting off the whole scheme because of the country's present financial situation. But the majority felt a start should be made, and the Council is not committed to carrying through the scheme without second thoughts.

'Early this month work on the foundations began, on a strip of land between Royal Parade, the main shopping street of Plymouth, and the famous Hoe. Huts that have been used as shops, offices, and snack-bars since the war—one was even a temporary church—are being pulled down. This preliminary work and the excavation for the new buildings will cost about £20,000—all of it coming from war damage payments. At one end of the site is St. Andrews Church—this fine fifteenth-century building, the city's mother church, was severely damaged in the war and was consecrated only a few weeks ago, after restoration costing £100,000. Next to it stands the Guildhall, which was also severely blitzed but is now being rebuilt. Then will come the new buildings—a skyscraper office block, a council chamber, a city treasury, law courts and a new police station. There will be a great ornamental square, a continuation of Armada Way, the avenue that runs through the city centre and will eventually link with the Hoe. The land here slopes away, so it will be "tabled" as the architect, Mr. Stirling, puts it, and underground car parks provided for 300 vehicles.

'The fourteen-storey office block for corporation departments—this is going to dominate the city—will be the first of the new buildings, along with the Town Clerk's department and the Council House. Later will come the new Law Courts and police station

and Treasury. Later still there will be a 2,000-seat concert hall on the site and a big hotel and restaurant.

'It is an impressive scheme and it will obviously be years before it is completed, but Plymouth hopes that by then money will be cheaper. To make a start now, as the Chairman of the Reconstruction Committee told me, is a great act of faith'.

GIRL GUIDES IN THE ARCTIC

One of the problems that face Canada is that of preparing the Eskimo and Arctic Indian to meet the impact of the white man's civilisation. With new mining and military settlements springing up in the Arctic this impact is becoming more and more marked.

It is being met in many ways.

One of them is by encouraging young Eskimo and Indian children to join the Scouting and Guide movements. MARY BARSTOW, who was for three years in a settlement in the extreme north of the Canadian Arctic, spoke of her work as captain of a company of Girl Guides in the Home Service.

'One of the first things I learned', she said, 'is that you cannot teach an Eskimo and Canadian girl much about guiding. My first lesson in this was when I took my company out into the bush, to practise bushcraft, light a fire, boil up some tea, the usual sort of thing Guides do on a Saturday afternoon, except that we were ploughing through snow up to our waists. When I suggested we should use paper to light the fire there was general amazement: clearly the girls' looks said, "We were born in this country". Within ten



Eskimo Girl Guides leaving the school at Aklavik, a settlement in the extreme north of Arctic Canada

minutes of reaching our camp site they had a fire burning and the tea boiling. Young people in that part of the world think in terms of frostbite, and packice, talk in terms of reindeer and caribou, and the big northern wolf. They are at home in the woods, and sometimes I have thought that they look smart but a little unreal in their Guide uniforms and mukluks, that is the native footwear of their part of the world.

'The Girl Guide and Boy Scout movements are, I think, in some ways more important to the Eskimos and Indians of Canada's Far North than to young people in Britain. One reason is that in Britain it is instilled in us by our parents that we must grow up to be good citizens. Not so with the Eskimo and Indian. Thousands of white people are arriving in Canada's northland. They are bringing a new way of life into the age-old way of a people who not long ago lived solely by hunting—along the coast hunting the polar bear, the seal, and the walrus, and in the interior hunting caribou, moose, wolf, and trapping musk rats. They have little idea of citizenship; and these Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements play an important part there—they teach citizenship'.

A HOARD OF SILVER

While clearing a site round a newly-built police house at Whittenstall in Northumberland recently, a builder's labourer unearthed a hoard of nearly 1,200 thirteenth- and fourteenth-century silver coins. It is one of the most important finds of its kind in the north in recent years, and the coins are now being

examined by experts in preparation for the coroner's inquest. YVONNE ADAMSON gave a description of the find in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'It was a cold wintry day on the moors at Whittenstall, a mile or two south of the Tyne Valley and Corbridge', she said. 'Mark Bradley, a builder's labourer, was helping to clear the ground on what was going to be the garden of the new police house. His spade struck something hard—a grey-brown encrusted object, obviously a container of some kind. He picked it up; it fell to pieces, and out poured a river of coins, almost twelve hundred of them: silver, slightly larger than a sixpence. They were all in mint condition, with the King's head on one side and a cross on the other: "long-cross" pennies of the time of



Long-cross penny: obverse and reverse

Newcastle Evening Chronicle

the first three Edwards of England, buried by some long-forgotten northcountryman more than 600 years ago.

'By far the greatest concentration of hoards found in this country come from the counties immediately north and south of the border, where life has often been turbulent. Men had to bury their wealth when plundering armies approached. During the reigns of Edward I, II, and III, there was almost perpetual warfare, and many hoards of this period have been discovered, all eloquent of urgent insecurity. Most of them have come from the Solway area, the main route for invading armies. But this Whittenstall hoard is the largest for Northumberland and Durham. It may well have been hidden between 1312 and 1318 when Bruce plundered the Tyne Valley; or 1327 when Edward III searched for marauding Scots hereabouts, or in 1346 when David of Scotland passed on his way to defeat at Neville's Cross. As for the coins, ten mints are represented among the pennies, including York, Newcastle, Durham, and Berwick. In addition, there are more than forty Scottish sterlings and, rather rare, three minted halfpennies.

'The man who hid these must have been a man of wealth, for the penny was then worth a week's wages to a labourer and was the price of a sheep'.

BY AIR FROM MANCHESTER

'It was on May 12, 1785, that James Sadler, the first English aeronaut, was going up in a balloon', said JEANETTE HOWARTH in 'The Northcountryman'. 'He had exhibited his extraordinary contraption at the Exchange and was going to make an ascent from a field behind Mr. Howarth's house in Longmillgate. The house is still there, though now it is the Manchester Arms Hotel. The field has been covered by offices and warehouses, but the street that runs across it is still called Balloon Street. Interest in Mr. Sadler's ascent was so great that he was able to charge 10s. 6d. and 5s. for admission to the field—a great deal of money 170 years ago, but apparently it was worth it. The balloon rose splendidly over the town, with Sadler in the basket with a cat for company. He went up again a few days later and got as far as Pontefract.

'All through the nineteenth century there was an immense interest in ballooning. Sadler himself came back to Manchester in 1812, and this time his balloon went up from Swan Street. Various ascents by other aeronauts were made from Tinker's Gardens in Collyhurst. But in time balloons gave way to aeroplanes.

'In 1910 a national newspaper offered a prize of £10,000 to the first man to fly from London to Manchester. And the story of this is a most exciting one. Two men entered for the race: Claude Grahame-White and the French airman, Louis Paulhan. Grahame-White got away first. It did not have to be a non-stop flight—that was asking too much in 1910—and he came down at the end of the first day at Lichfield. Unfortunately, while he was there his machine was blown over in a gale and so badly damaged that it had to be rushed back to London, by train, to be repaired. This false start lost Grahame-White his lead over Paulhan who by this time had arrived in London and was preparing to start.

'They both set off on the same day in gusty weather. This time Paulhan got as far as Lichfield and came down for the night. Grahame-White, following the railway, only got as far as Roade, near Northampton. He knew Paulhan was ahead of him and he was determined to overtake him, so he did something which had never been attempted before—he made the first night flight. But first he had to get his aeroplane into the air in the dark. Airfield lighting was provided by a row of motor-cars which shone their headlights on to the hedge on one side of the field. Grahame-White then wheeled his machine over to the far side of the field, taxied across it at full speed and just managed to get it off the ground and over the illuminated hedge. He flew all night, keeping low so that he could follow the line of the railway. But this low flying proved to be his undoing. As dawn broke the wind freshened and quickly got so strong that he could not control his aircraft and was forced down in the Trent valley.

'Paulhan was luckier. He took off from Lichfield as soon as it was light and managed to get above the wind. He got to Manchester and won the prize'.

WHERE VIRGINS SING TO TURTLES

'Who would think of singing to a turtle?', asked CHRISTOPHER VENNING in a Home Service talk. 'In Fiji there are some women who actually do. They sing to the turtles—they "call them up", to be precise—and when I heard about this I made up my mind I would try to hear it. In my job I travel with a tape recorder all over the islands (there are 320 of them in all, though only a hundred or so are actually inhabited). After a visit to Kadavu for a ceremony, I was taken down the coast to Vunisea where the women "turtle-callers" were to be found.

'Most visitors to Fiji are struck by the odd combination of old and new. A party of virgins was being collected from this village—they had to be virgins, otherwise the spell would not work. Finally we saw them set off further down the coast in a large punt powered by an outboard motor. These virgins turned out to be twenty hefty women, and the poor punt had a freeboard of only about two inches, but they made the trip safely. We followed them to a rocky promontory where they disembarked and climbed slowly up the cliff-path to a position about a hundred feet above sea level. Then they began to chant.

'There is an old Fijian legend which tells of the capture of a Fijian princess by a young prince who had fallen in love with her. All her life she had had three turtles as companions, and anyone kidnapping her had to kidnap the turtles too. This was done one day, but as soon as the turtles were landed in the boat they managed, by some magic powers, to dissolve and trickle into the water. Although the princess was taken away her three turtles have remained to this day, and for some reason respond when they hear this chant calling them.

'I had seen somewhere that red prawns could be "called up" from the depths of a cave in the island of Vatulele, and friends of mine had told me they had even seen this taking place, but I was a bit dubious about the whole thing. However, the turtle women of Vunisea settled themselves on top of the rock and began a mournful chant which they repeated over and over again.

'After a while, as we gazed at the water far below us, three brownish forms slowly came to the surface—three turtles which stayed there for quite a while before gradually drifting away. How the women started calling them, or why they came, no-one could explain'.

Naturalism and Rhetoric

L. D. ETTLINGER on French seventeenth-century art at the Royal Academy

THE Age of Louis XIV' is far the best exhibition we have seen at the Royal Academy for many years. It has been brought together with great intelligence and discernment; it is beautiful to look at, and it is hung in such a way that one leaves Burlington House full of questions about the wide artistic range of the period.

I should perhaps say at the outset that, though I am a historian of art, I have never specialised in the study of French art. I am not competent to give an opinion whether the beautifully painted 'St. Michael Presenting his Arms to the Virgin Mary' is by one of the three Le Nain brothers, by a pseudo-Le Nain, or perhaps even a combination of the four. What I should like to talk about is a general problem of style which I come across again and again and which was also brought home to me by this exhibition.

We know that after 1600 French artists brought back from Rome a style strongly influenced by Caravaggio, and art historians have generally assumed that French painting of the seventeenth century proceeded from the naturalism of these imitators of Caravaggio, such as Valentin and Tournier, to the classical idealism of the French Academy and especially of Le Brun. My concern is with the earlier period. When I looked at the work of the two major artists now at Burlington House, Georges de La Tour and Nicolas Poussin, I became more and more convinced that these simple categories, naturalism and classical idealism, will not do for La Tour and are hardly adequate for Poussin. I find every time one uses labels such as those, something is lost of the personality of the artist and the process that goes into making a work of art. What, for example, does it matter, whether we call Manet an impressionist or not?

There are no less than nine paintings by La Tour, all hanging in one gallery. Going from them straight to one of Poussin's key pictures—'Eliezer and Rebecca'—it appeared to me that La Tour, usually called a follower of Caravaggio, is a much more artificial, a much more stylised, painter than the allegedly cold and classicist Poussin. Again, do we really



'Eliezer and Rebecca', by Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665)

grasp the essential—if you will, the historical—Poussin, if we say that he paints with cool intellectual detachment, that his works are full of poses borrowed from Raphael and the antique, that his compositions are constructed like classical reliefs? This is fair enough, but such an assessment overlooks all that is truly natural and dramatic in Poussin's art. It does not account for the persuasiveness of his pictures. On the other hand, the apparent Caravaggesque elements in La Tour—the emphatic effects of light and shade, the strong modelling and the humble people whom he depicts—seem to me mere surface elements. They hardly touch upon the strangely moving character of his intense and serene art. As long as one sees La Tour with Caravaggio in mind one is apt to be puzzled by the great stillness of his paintings and the near geometrical austerity of his style. This may seem a paradox: how can a painting be stylised and intensely moving at the same time?

La Tour and Poussin were born within a year of each other; La Tour in 1593, Poussin in 1594. La Tour, though he must have visited the Netherlands and may have been to Italy, lived all his life at Lunéville; Poussin spent almost his entire working life in Rome. Yet it will hardly do to dismiss La Tour's art as provincial. His simplicity is not naive and primitive. He is an original master in his own right who transformed the Italian heritage as creatively and independently as any artist



'The Prisoner', by Georges de La Tour (1593-1652)

working in Paris or Rome. One can perhaps understand his unique achievement better by seeing the limitations of the real Caravaggio followers.

Take a picture like Tournier's 'Concert'. These elegant young musicians assembled round a table are clearly derived from Caravaggio's 'Calling of St. Matthew', but in the Caravaggio the gaudy young fops are only half the story; they act as a foil to the austere and solemn figure of Christ. Tournier has simply



'A Concert', by Nicolas Tournier (1590-after 1657)

selected from a deeply religious picture the most striking picturesque element. In a similar way Vignon, in his 'Martyrdom of St. Matthew', outdid Caravaggio's stark rendering of the same subject by concentrating on sheer brutality.

Now turn back to La Tour. Seen in this context, he seems to have little that links him directly with the Italian master or with the French Caravaggisti. An early painting, like 'The Hurdy-gurdy Player', is without parallel in Italian art. The pathos of this blind old man and the loving care taken over his blindness are things very personal to La Tour, and should anyone point to Spanish art I would still stick to my point. As to one of La Tour's favourite tricks, the use of a shaded candle as the sole source of light in a picture, he must have got that from Honthorst rather than from Caravaggio. Again, at first sight La Tour seems to use the same sort of rustic model as Caravaggio, but they really are not in the least like Caravaggio's scruffy peasants with dirty feet. Particularly in his late works, forms and features are so generalised that we no longer see any individual traits of the models. Their poses are stiff and their gestures restrained. It is just this restraint which gives these pictures a hushed stillness and inwardness. If La Tour knew Caravaggio's work at all, which is not certain, he must have read it very much in his own way. We know that he was deeply affected by a Franciscan movement of religious revival which was strong in his native Lorraine; in fact, he left part of his fortune to the Capuchins. In his painting he revived, under this influence, truly religious art by stripping a picture down to its bare essentials. Inwardness takes the place of Caravaggio's dramatic representation.

But such inwardness has its drawbacks. It is significant that often we cannot be certain about La Tour's subject-matter. There is a picture at the Academy—I think it is one of his finest—which is called in the catalogue 'The New-Born Child'. It is on all the Academy posters: a young mother holds a sleeping baby on her lap; a woman standing to the left lights the scene with a candle which she covers with her right hand. Mother and child are strictly frontal; the other woman is in strict profile. All forms are of almost geometrical simplicity and all superfluous detail has been eliminated. This is hardly a *genre* scene, such as the Netherlandish followers of Caravaggio would have painted. In

fact the picture has often been called 'Nativity', yet it is certainly not a religious picture in the traditional sense. Perhaps this very ambiguity is the key to the power of La Tour's art, and this takes me back to the paradox of intensity of feeling and austerity of design. By his concentration on essentials and his geometric simplicity La Tour gives what in a *genre* painting would have been a humble subject the enduring quality of a religious experience. That is why he is so remarkably different from the peasant paintings of the brothers Le Nain with whom he is often confused. The ambiguity found in La Tour is unthinkable in the more naturalistic Le Nains.

Ambiguity of this kind is equally unthinkable in the work of Poussin, but for different reasons. Poussin's 'Eliezer and Rebecca' is one of the finest and most characteristic examples of his mature style. Its setting is the well outside the city gate and in the foreground is Abraham's servant Eliezer offering jewels to Rebecca who stands by the side of the well. There is no doubt what Eliezer is doing, and Rebecca and her companions show their feelings by gestures and expressions. Unlike the La Tour 'Nativity' this is clearly a narrative picture and one might object that the artist's task was easier: he had a definite story to tell. But there is one outstanding example in the exhibition where La Tour has tried his hand at this sort of thing and utterly fails to get his subject across. A haggard old man sitting on a low seat looks up at a woman who is bending down to him. The picture has been known under such varying titles as 'Job Taunted by his Wife', 'St. Peter Delivered from Prison', or simply 'The Prisoner'. How is it that Poussin overcomes this difficulty of meaning and leaves us in no doubt about the action and the feelings of his characters?

Poussin has made his subject clear by two devices, both derived from the tradition of classical rhetoric: he has divided the picture into principal and subsidiary actions, and he makes his characters use intelligible mimetic gestures. Yet this is not rhetoric as we colloquially use the term to imply exaggeration and insincerity; it has nothing even to do with the rhetorical swagger which we associate with much of the art round Louis XIV and which we find in such splendid pomposity in Rigaud's portrait of Cardinal de Bouillon. When I say rhetoric, I mean the strict Aristotelian principles of form and presentation, rhetoric as the 'art of discovering in any given case the available means of persuasion'. After all, in the seventeenth century rhetoric still formed part of a living tradition and was what we would call today a general theory of communication in all fields. The Académie Française, founded in 1635, was to have compiled not only a dictionary and a grammar, but also a treatise on rhetoric, which to our loss was never written. Remember, too, that Horace's *Ars Poetica* played an important role in such discussions: his doctrine, that poetry and art are subject to the same laws, was a commonplace at the time. We know from Poussin's notes that he was familiar with all these ideas and had read a great deal round this subject.

When Poussin wrote that the design of a scene should be such as to bring out best the ideas it contains, and that the composition should be life-like and natural, he was echoing the teachings of Rhetoricians. A near contemporary commentator on Aristotle's *Poetics* put it like this: 'The rules of poetry are only made to reduce nature to a method, to follow her step by step and so as not to let escape any detail... It is by such rules that everything becomes exact, proportionate, and natural'. The marvellous lucidity of Poussin's designs is therefore not only the result of his imitating classical art; such lucidity was fundamental for an artist who wanted his works to be eloquent. Hence Eliezer and Rebecca are given prominence; Rebecca's companions are placed to both sides of the main action and well away from the foreground.

Yet composition is not the only means of achieving clarity of narrative. Gestures are just as important and it is significant that Poussin's notes on this subject are not based on another painter, like Leonardo, but on Quintilian and his famous treatise on

rhetoric. An action must be performed in such a manner that it is immediately understood. Poussin, therefore, derives all gestures from nature and he is always conscious of nuance. But as what matters is clarity, he may show a formal greeting rather than a casual nod. In other words, gestures are stylised so that they may be unambiguous. But that is not the same as being unnatural.

This pictorial language of expressive gestures is to Poussin as important as the copying of classical models. Or rather, I should say that Poussin copied the antique because he believed that classical art embodied aesthetic and rhetorical ideals, in fact that, as ideals, the two were really inseparable.

As it happens, 'Eliezer and Rebecca' was the subject of a lecture given by Philip de Champaigne before the Academy of Art in 1668. I should like to think that he chose this picture just because it is such a perfect embodiment of Poussin's art. Philip de Champaigne pointed out how closely this painting follows accepted aesthetic standards but dared to accuse Poussin of overdoing the copying of classical models. At this point Le Brun interrupted and sprang to Poussin's defence. He argued that both classical artists and Poussin copy nature, but that the Greeks had an advantage over the moderns because with them nature was ideal. Turning to the Greeks becomes a kind of short cut to artistic perfection. One sees at once what this means for Poussin's use of gestures. Le Brun, and others in the seventeenth century, must have believed that the Greeks had behaved in this elevated manner. William Hazlitt, in his *Table Talk* 'On a Landscape of Nicolas Poussin' put the problem perfectly: 'To give us nature, such as we see it, is well and deserving of praise; to give us nature, such as we have never seen but have often wished to see it, is better and deserving of higher praise'.

For us today, Poussin and classicism are almost synonymous. But 'classicism' was not a term in an age which regarded the antique world as the highest form of natural world. Hazlitt still had almost the contemporary attitude to Poussin: 'His art', he wrote, 'is a second nature, not a different one'.

The Caravaggisti had seen the figures of the Bible as simple, ordinary people. With equal validity, Poussin saw them as heroic and noble figures. Our own conventions being what they are, we find it easier to accept Caravaggio's world and we get into difficulties when we try to appreciate the rules of decorous behaviour which were regarded as natural—even necessary—by seventeenth-century society. All these rules were widely applied. They not only guided academic artists but also shaped the ballet, the opera, the drama, even stage presentation. Poussin's art is, perhaps, the purest expression of these seventeenth-century convictions.

There has been a great deal of discussion about the religious background of Caravaggio's art and I do not want to enter into this argument, but one can say that, like many of his contemporaries, he wanted to give back to religious painting something of that vivid presence of the great biblical events which Ignatius Loyola, among others, had recommended to the faithful. In his *Exercitia* Ignatius speaks of living through all the experiences of Christ's life again with all the senses, seeing, hearing, smelling, and feeling martyrdom and suffering.

Caravaggio was great enough to paint pictures which were both detailed and deeply felt; but his successors took appearances for the substance. Both La Tour and Poussin wanted to get back to substance. La Tour did it by stylising and progressively simplifying all natural forms, Poussin by stylising human behaviour. It is, in fact, two different ways of paring down a subject to its essentials. Today we find La Tour's pictorial language more to our taste because we look at it with the knowledge of more recent art which has used similar simplifications and logic of construction. If we only appreciate part of Poussin today, if we admire him for his formal precision, it is because we still think of Cézanne's dictum of 'doing Poussin again from nature'. But we should forget the nineteenth-century view of naturalism and study the mind of Poussin as well as his manner. Then we might come to realise that there is no eternally valid answer to the question, 'what is natural?'—*Third Programme*

The Guillemot in Evolution

By H. N. SOUTHERN

IF we see a pure white sparrow we think this unusual enough to reckon it a notable event, perhaps even worth reporting to the local press or museum. We are so used to seeing sparrows that look just like sparrows that it comes as a surprise to find one that looks so different. And yet there are some birds whose colour varieties are so contrasting that at first sight they appear to be entirely different creatures. I am not thinking now of the many varieties that we can produce in domestic stocks, the motley array of chickens and ducks, canaries and budgerigars, but of birds living in their wild surroundings.

Among British birds the most striking example of this diversity, or polymorphism, to use the strict term, is the Arctic skua, a close relation of the sea-gulls, that lives in the north of Scotland. This skua is a powerful flyer and a great pirate; its aerobatics are impressive to watch as it chases and harries its gull neighbours to make them disgorge their last meal. At first sight a colony of Arctic skuas seems to be composed of two entirely different species, one that is dark brown all over, the other that has pale cream cheeks, breast, and belly. But a brief examination will convince you that, apart from this colour contrast, the two types are identical.

Furthermore, you can also observe that the pale- and dark-breasted birds do not keep separate but mate with each other at random. They are, in fact, one and the same species, the pale dark

forms being no more than colour phases or polymorphs.

Among other British birds that have these colour phases are the common brown, or tawny, owl which has red and grey-brown types of plumage; the guillemot, a sea-cliff breeder rather like a small penguin, which has one form with a completely dark head and another with a white eye-ring; and the crossbill which has curiously crossed mandibles and can exist in either right- or left-handed forms according to which way the top mandible curves. If we examine the various groups of birds distributed all over the world we find many other instances of this tendency to vary within two or more sharply defined categories.

What is all this about? We can easily understand the situation in our common and familiar birds where we occasionally happen

upon a rare 'sport' or mutant form, like a white sparrow. All animals are variable; otherwise natural selection would have no diversity among which to select; and varieties, like our example of the white sparrow, are presumably kept rare because, in the struggle for existence, they cannot compete with the ordinary kind. Perhaps you remember Darwin's story of the domestic flock of pigeons that attracted the attention of a local hawk? First the white ones vanished, then the speckled ones, then the liver-coloured ones, but the ordinary grey ones, most like their wild ancestors, lasted the longest. How, therefore, can it come about that a conspicuous variant



Bridled form of the common guillemot, with coloured and metal bands on its legs: Whinnymfold, Aberdeen-shire, June 1953

may become common in a bird population, because this is precisely what polymorphism entails?

We have to notice the following significant facts about polymorphism. First of all, colour phases that are common in some parts of a bird's range may exist only as 'rare mutants' (like our white sparrow) elsewhere. It looks, therefore, as if the rarity had for some unknown reason become locally favoured in relation to the normal form and that one situation can evolve from the other.

Colour and Climate

Secondly, where a species is dimorphic over a large geographical territory, it often happens that the relative frequencies of the colour phases change in step with climate. In the case of the Arctic skua, the Scottish colonies are in the extreme south of the bird's range. Here the majority are dark-breasted but, as we go northward, the pale-breasted birds gradually increase, until in high northern latitudes they are the only ones remaining. It looks as if nearer the pole, in some way that we do not yet understand, the pale form enjoys an advantage over the dark one. Generally speaking, then, the selective advantage of a particular colour phase can vary with the environment in place—and, therefore, presumably in time too.

One last general point about polymorphism. Many butterflies are polymorphic, and among the New World relatives of our own clouded yellow there is one much-studied species, which has two female colour phases, a yellow and a white. According to the time of day at which you collect them you will get more or less of the white ones in your catch. Clearly, each phase has its temperature preference when it is more active and, as the day warms up, one form is partially replaced by the other.

Here again, but on a much finer scale, is this differential response to environment already noted in the Arctic skua. Is it possible that, with an environment that is changeable, adaptation is better served by having two forms with different and narrow preferences than one form more widely tolerant? Note here, too, that most dimorphisms have a simple, often single-factor, type of genetical control, which means that the phases are clear-cut with no intermediates. Thus if the environment should change, a consequent shift in selection pressure can quickly adjust the ratio of colour phases to the new conditions. Some biologists would not agree that this rapidity of response is the main biological virtue of polymorphism, and it is true that there are instances where this explanation does seem inappropriate.

Nevertheless, the crux of this argument now appears. If a changing environment has immediate repercussions on the relative numbers in colour phases, could we not measure a small section of evolutionary change going on under our noses by the simple expedient of counting the proportions at different periods of time to see if they have altered during the interval? It has already been established that when man changes an animal's surroundings radically corresponding changes occur in its populations. Several common species of moths—the peppered moth is an example—are cryptically coloured so that they are difficult to discern when they are at rest on a tree trunk. Most of them have rare variants (again like our example of the white sparrow) that are black. We now know that these black phases are actually more vigorous than the normal forms, but are weeded out rapidly in normal conditions because they are so conspicuous to birds. But with the spread of industrial areas during the last century the predators have vanished and the black forms have spread until they have replaced the cryptic forms just in these places.

Evolution in the Forcing House

This is evolution in the forcing house—almost brought into the laboratory. What about the possibility of measuring a more normal evolutionary process? Here I can return to a bird I mentioned in passing earlier, the guillemot. It is a bird I have studied intensively for the last twenty years. The start of it all was during some of those exciting voyages of discovery that a young ornithologist makes—to Wales, to Scotland, and to the Northern Isles—when I could not but notice that the proportion of bridled guillemots, those with the white spectacles, varied considerably. On the Welsh cliffs they were difficult to find, but on the big

breeding-ledges of Shetland one in four of the guillemots was bridled. I also noted mating taking place between the two forms, so that they were clearly phases of one species, not separate species; I even noticed that matings could take place either way, so that the bridled form could not be confined to one sex.

All this aroused my curiosity so much that when I was approached by the British Trust for Ornithology to organise an inquiry into the distribution of the bridled phase throughout the guillemot's range I eagerly accepted the task. Here was a chance not only to discover in unprecedented detail the pattern of distribution of a dimorphic species, but, since its range covers approximately the whole of the North Atlantic coasts and is concentrated round the British Isles, what a wonderful excuse it was to visit big stretches of our incomparable cliff scenery. Throughout the summers of 1938 and 1939 I busily counted guillemots in all kinds of pleasant surroundings, on black basalt cornices, on red sandstone platforms, on white chalk ledges, and, in fine, thoroughly enjoyed myself. Meantime a host of helpers were filling in the gaps by visiting colonies that I could not reach.

When the results were mapped, a most intriguing situation was revealed. At the most southerly point of the guillemot's breeding range, the Berlengas Islands off Portugal, not a single bridled bird could be found, although many hundreds were examined. At the other extreme, the Westmann islands off the south-west coast of Iceland and Bear Island half way between the north of Norway and Spitzbergen, bridled birds were so common that they outnumbered the normal ones. The precise figure was 54 per cent.

Over the vast intervening space there was a gradual increase in the proportion of bridled birds as one moved up the latitudes. Thus in the south and west of England the figure varied between $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 per cent., in the north of England and south Scotland 2 to 5 per cent., in north Scotland and the Hebrides 10 to 12 per cent., in the Shetlands 23 per cent., and in the Faeroes 33 per cent.

Ledges Packed with Thousands of Birds

Many of the colonies we visited were extremely large, and, where the cliffs occupied were high and precipitous, the whole scene was impressive and memorable with the sea beating on the rocks below, the ledges packed with thousands of birds, murmuring and chattering, and the great void of air seaward from the cliff face patterned with the weaving flight-lines of incoming and outgoing birds. One could sometimes find a sheltered corner and settle down to count really large numbers of birds through a telescope, producing an estimate of the bridled percentage based on thousands of birds, sufficient to satisfy the most exacting statistician. This meant that we had a firm picture to compare with repetitions in future years.

When the original survey was made in 1938-39 our intention was to make a second one after ten years to show whether the proportions of the two forms were changing. But the destined year, 1948, found us still in the toils of petrol rationing and other obstacles to travel. Nevertheless, between 1948 and 1950 by a great effort it was possible to visit and recount most of the big guillemot colonies.

The pattern of distribution that emerged from the first survey, the gradual increase northwards of bridled birds, suggested two possible explanations. First, the bridled form might have arisen in the north and be spreading southwards, the 1938 survey giving, as it were, a cross-section of this replacement process. Secondly, the situation might be a balanced one with the normal form at a great selective advantage in the south, but gradually losing this advantage as the environment became more arctic. This would presumably be a stable situation, only likely to alter if the environment did.

The repeat survey of 1948-50 at once dismissed the possibility that the bridled phase was replacing the ordinary one because, far from there being a general increase, the tendency, wherever change of statistical significance was detected, was in the opposite direction. Thus at St. Kilda bridled birds had decreased from 16 to 10 per cent.; in the north of Shetland they declined from 24 to 17 per cent., and so on. Taking the picture as a whole, most colonies showed no change in the ten-year interval, one or two showed increase, and ten showed decrease. This was fairly

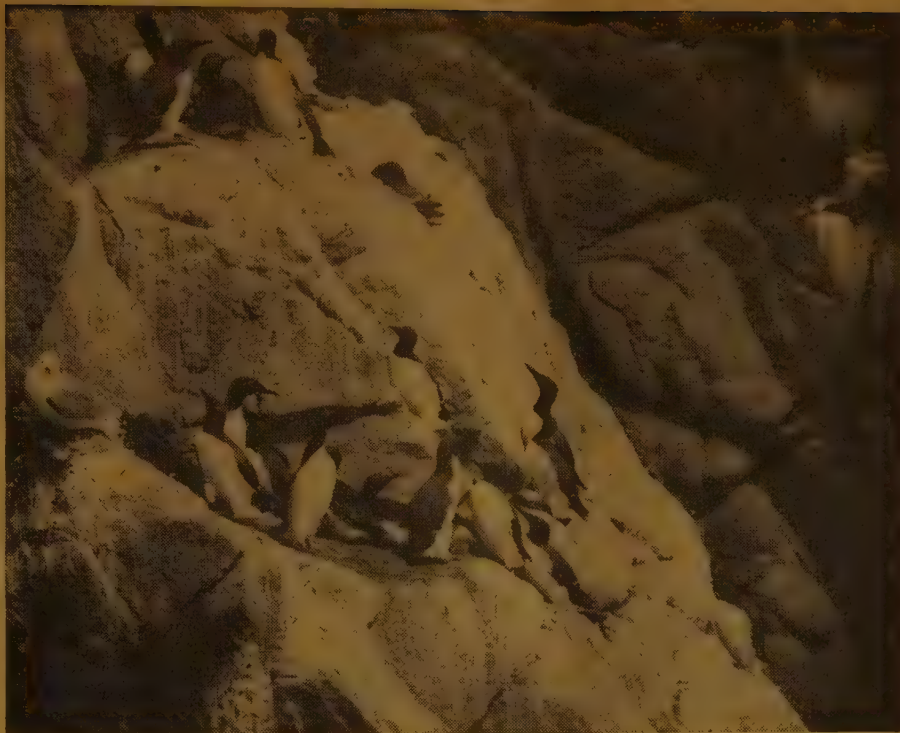
substantial evidence, but clearly a trend of this sort should reveal itself even more distinctly after yet another ten years. This third survey should take place this year and it will be most exciting to see whether the decrease has continued.

In the meantime there are some general points about guillemots' lives that can indicate to us how fast a change in the proportion of bridled birds could take place in a population. For instance, how long do they live and at what rate do younger birds enter into the breeding strength of a colony? Obviously the faster the 'turnover' of a population, the more speedily can change of this kind occur. Again, how much exchange of individuals is there between colonies, between sub-colonies, and even between ledges? And do young birds growing to maturity try to squeeze into the ledge on which they were born or will they be content with another locality?

I have been trying to answer some of these questions during the last ten years. Along the north-east coast of Scotland, from Kincardineshire up past Aberdeen and Peterhead and round the corner to Banffshire, is a succession of guillemot breeding colonies, some large, some small, some scattered and some concentrated, and I have been able to study these colonies throughout this ten-year period. There are various degrees of isolation between these colonies and so one can investigate what effect this has upon the percentage of bridled birds.

In addition there was one little colony of about 300 birds on a stack just separated from the mainland so that it could not be disturbed by man or other animal predators. On the inspiration of Robert Carrick, then at Aberdeen University, a blow-up dinghy was procured, and many of the adult birds on the stack were caught by the simple device of dangling a rabbit noose on the end of a bamboo pole over the cliff top and dropping it over the guillemots' necks. Then they were hauled up and marked with coloured celluloid leg-rings, each bird being assigned its peculiar combination of colours. Thus, in the following years, I could identify individual birds and follow their movements and histories.

Unfortunately, the colours of the rings faded after two years and the experiment had to be abandoned. But during this time my observations showed two important facts. Breeding birds stuck firmly to their own ledges, and often indeed to the same square foot of them, from year to year. The second fact was that a very large proportion of one year's breeding population turned up next year—of the order of 90 per cent. This means that, once a



A ledge of nesting common guillemots, showing two of the bridled variety, at the Bullers of Buchan, Aberdeenshire, May 1956

guillemot has established itself on a ledge, it has a good many years of reproductive life ahead of it and, therefore, we cannot expect the composition of the population to change rapidly.

Furthermore, counts from year to year at colonies and sub-colonies along this coast showed that differences in bridled percentage were discernible first at the sub-colony level, and such differences persisted during the years of study. So there cannot have been much movement of birds, adults or young, between colonies, and this again would prevent rapid change taking place in the proportion of bridled birds. It looks as if ten years is a fairly small period of time in the life of a guillemot colony, and twenty or thirty years may be needed to establish beyond doubt any general change in the numbers of the bridled mutant throughout the range.

Finally, though perhaps this is rather sticking one's neck out with the third survey still unperformed, can we envisage any reason why the numbers of bridled guillemots may be declining? Recently evidence has been accumulating from various sources to show that during the last century the temperate and boreal zones of the world have been gradually warming up. Glaciers have been retreating, species of animals and flowers have been extending their distributions northwards. If the bridled form of the guillemot is a northern form, as its distribution suggests, then we might very well expect this change of environment to have the effect of making it retreat northwards.

This suggestion is far from being confirmed yet, but there is no doubt that the study of polymorphic species on a wide geographical scale provides us with a sensitive indicator of minor evolutionary change. Furthermore, it is a study admirably suited to the ubiquitous activities of amateur naturalists. Neither of the surveys described could possibly have been done in the time by one person. The opponents of evolution have often challenged us to demonstrate the process actually taking place. Alteration in the frequency of polymorph ratios is one of the many evidences that modern field biology can offer to answer this challenge.—*Third Programme*



Catching a guillemot for ringing, on a rock off the mainland of Scotland

Photographs: H. N. Southern

Among recent publications are: *English Peasant Farming: the Agrarian History of Lincolnshire from Tudor to Recent Times*, by Joan Thirsk (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 40s.); and *Successful Town Gardening*, by Lanning Roper (Country Life, 42s.).

Recollections of Lewis Carroll

By ETHEL HATCH

LEWIS CARROLL'S connection with our family goes back for more than a hundred years, as in my father's diaries of 1856 and 1857 there are mentions of his dining with Mr. Dodgson, as I shall now call him. Mr. Dodgson had just been appointed Tutor at Christ Church and my father was an undergraduate at Pembroke College and very much in the Pre-Raphaelite set, which may have been the link between them. The book *Alice* had not, of course, been thought of then. The acquaintance was renewed about ten or twelve years later when my father was married and had just settled in Oxford in a Victorian house in Park Town with a wife and three small children, before I had appeared on the scene.

In Mr. Collingwood's *Life of Lewis Carroll* there is an amusing account by Sir George Baden-Powell, brother of the famous Baden-Powell, of how he first made acquaintance with Mr. Dodgson when, as an undergraduate and pupil of my father's, on coming to our house one day he discovered him under our dining-room table with my two small brothers and my sister Beatrice. I expect I was then in my cradle, and Mr. Dodgson was not interested in babies. My own earliest recollection of him is being taken to Christ Church to be photographed as a beggar-child with my sister Beatrice when I was not quite three years old. There must still be a few of his child-friends living who also had that experience, but I do not think there can be many as, after being a keen and expert photographer, he gave it up entirely about 1880.

I think it was his environment as much as his personality that impressed me as a small child. I should not have had the same feeling about him if I had first met him in a different setting in London or elsewhere. But he seemed part of Christ Church, and I have nostalgic memories of the thrill it always gave me to go through the archway under Tom Tower into the beautiful quadrangle of Christ Church with the large pool in the centre and the cathedral opposite. After turning sharply to the left we went in at the last door on that side of the quadrangle, and up the wooden staircase with its spiral oak banisters, till we came to a door with 'The Rev. C. L. Dodgson' painted over it in white letters. Then we were welcomed by him and could look round the beautiful study filled with books and pictures. After a short talk with my mother we went up more stairs to his photographic studio, with a dressing-room nearby, and it was amusing to try on various fancy-dress costumes of which he had a collection. I was pleased when I was dressed as a Turk with baggy trousers. The photograph he took of me has been reproduced in Mr. Gernsheim's book and also in the *Letters* edited by my sister Evelyn. Once I was photographed as a Normandy peasant and another time I wore an old-world fancy dress with a mob cap in which I had gone to a children's fancy dress party at the Deanery, given by the Dean and Mrs. Liddell. Their daughter, the famous Alice, was then grown up and she and her sisters were very kind to me. I was one of the youngest there.

These fancy dresses were much more becoming than our Victorian frocks in which we were sometimes photographed by Mr. Dodgson, with bunched skirts over thick petticoats, and striped, knitted woollen stockings. The actual posing for the photograph was sometimes rather trying; it seemed to take such a long time having to keep very still and the iron grip sometimes at the back

of one's head to keep it steady was not at all comfortable. Also, the studio with the glass roof was often very hot, and it was a relief to go out afterwards on to the flat roof of Christ Church where we could run about and look over the stone balustrade at the view of the Oxford towers and spires. But we were fascinated at watching Mr. Dodgson develop the plates of the photographs in the little dark cupboard near the studio: the smell of those chemicals still recalls it to me.

Then we could go down to enjoy ourselves in his large study, where he had everything possible in the way of toys and amuse-

ments—a large black bear that walked when it was wound up, and innumerable musical boxes that we were allowed to play. All these came out of a capacious cupboard under one of the many bookcases round the room. His room with the large oriel window overlooking St. Aldate's has often been described, with the sofa covered in red damask in front of the fireplace, and his large, square writing table in the centre of the room. The table was scrupulously neat and tidy so that he knew where to put his hand on various packages of papers and photographs in elastic bands. Every photograph was numbered on the back—one of mine has a number over 3,000 on it. Above the mantelpiece there was a large portrait in oils of our friend Xie Kitchin, wearing a blue coat and cap trimmed with grey fur. She was a very lovely child and Mr. Dodgson took many photographs of her. He once asked her father, a student of Christ Church and later Dean of Winchester and then Durham, how one could get excellence out of a photograph, and gave the answer himself: 'By putting Xie in front of a lens'. Xie was short for Alex-

andra, called after her godmother, the then Princess of Wales.

I do not remember how we got down to Christ Church, as it was more than a mile from our house and a long walk for small children. The horse trams had not then been started in Oxford. But Mr. Dodgson always arranged for us to be driven back, and a cab was ordered from the cab rank in St. Aldate's. Beatrice remembered when she was five or six years old that when we were getting ready to depart he called up the stairs to her: 'Hansom or growler?' and, thinking of hansom as an adjective, she promptly called back 'Handsome!' He had given her a large wax doll with fair hair brushed back, very like the pictures of Alice, who could say 'Papa' and 'Mamma' quite plainly when she was pinched. Once when Beatrice had gone away for a little visit he wrote her a most amusing letter pretending that he had met the doll just outside Tom Gate trying to find the way to his rooms and crying because she had been left all alone. So, he said, he took the doll into his rooms and sat her on his knees, 'but she exclaimed at being too near the fire and said: "You don't know how careful we have to be, we dolls. There was a sister of mine, would you believe it, she went up to the fire to warm her hands and one of them dropped right off". Of course it dropped right off, I said, because it was the right hand. "And how do you know it was the right hand", the doll said. So I said, I think it must have been the right hand because the other one was left. The doll said, "I shan't laugh, it's a very bad joke"'.

After the photographic days Mr. Dodgson often came to see us in our new house in Canterbury Road, but never by invitation as he always refused invitations. Once my mother sent him one for a tea party with '4-6' written on it. His answer came: 'Dear



The last photograph of Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson): from *The Strand Magazine* of 1898

Mrs. Hatch, What an awful proposition. To drink tea from 4-6 would try the constitution of the most hardened tea-drinker; to me, who hardly ever touch it, it would probably be fatal'. My mother loved entertaining and was a very good amateur actress. When we lived in Park Town theatricals were easy to arrange as there were folding doors between the dining-room and drawing-room. Though Mr. Dodgson was very keen on the theatre he would never go to see amateurs acting, but he wrote an amusing prologue for my brother Wilfred and Beatrice to repeat before one performance; they were then about eight and seven years old. The whole prologue was reproduced in facsimile in *The Strand Magazine* in 1898. It is too long for me to repeat, but it began:

Wilfie! I'm sure that something is the matter!
All day there's been—oh, such a fuss and clatter!
Mamma's been trying on a funny dress—
I never saw the house in such a mess.

Then, when she hears there is to be a play, she says: 'How nice'. Wilfred says, 'But will it please the rest?' 'Oh, yes', she says, 'because you know they'll do their best'. The play evidently did please some of the audience. I think it was a farce because my mother said the Miss Liddells, Alice and her sisters, the three who had first heard the story of Alice at the memorable picnic to Godstow, sat in the front row and had laughed so much, especially Edith, the one who died a few years later.

Afternoon Walk

An afternoon walk was a regular habit of Mr. Dodgson's, and we often met him out. I can recall him now, walking with his friend Mr. Bayne, in St. Giles'. He was tall and thin, with thick, dark hair turning iron-grey, clear-cut features, and light-blue eyes which seemed to take in everything as he looked about him; and his thin lips were generally twisted into a humorous smile. He was dressed in the usual clerical dress of that day, a black frock-coat and white cravat, and a top-hat rather at the back of his head. The only photograph I have ever seen of him which at all recalls him to me is the one reproduced in *The Strand Magazine* in 1898, the last one taken of him. It is in profile and looking down but it does give something of his expression.

One of us was sometimes his companion on a walk. In a letter he wrote to me, inviting me to a walk and to tea in his rooms afterwards, he said he preferred children one by one, to two by two or even forty by forty. I particularly remember a lovely walk I had with him through the two Hinkseys, starting over Folly Bridge, and being at once on a country road with hedges each side. No houses had then been built on Boars Hill above. The Hinkseys were isolated country villages, quite unspoilt, and walking through the fields between them we had a lovely view of Oxford as Matthew Arnold might have seen it. I had been taught that little girls should be seen and not heard and

was shy of talking much, but Mr. Dodgson had plenty to tell me, and talked too of the amusing things some little girls said to him. He was delighted with the child who when asked by him if she had read *Alice in Wonderland* answered: 'Yes, and I think it's the stupidest book I ever read'. Sometimes we would have a game of Mischmasch which he invented—we each gave three letters of a word and the other had to guess what it was.

One afternoon he came to see us to ask what books he had given to each of us. He had given Beatrice several

—*Through the Looking-glass, The Hunting of the Snark, Doublets*, and others. Evelyn had also received some from him. He was quite distressed when he found he had never given me a book and said I must have a copy of the next one that came out. The very next morning my nurse called me with a package addressed to me by Mr. Dodgson. This was a book of the songs from *Alice* with the music—all well-known tunes which were evidently the tunes he would wish them sung to. I still have the book in its paper cover, with my name on it, and his usual monogram: CLD. A little later on he wrote about a book that he was going to send me but was not sure when it would be ready and added: 'If anticipation brings happiness, what should forty years of anticipation bring?—Why, forty years of happiness'. That was characteristic of his logical mind. The book happened to be *Rhyme and Reason*, with which I was delighted when it arrived, as I loved *The Hunting of the Snark* as well as *Hiawatha's Photography* which it contained. We all received other books from him as they came out—*The Game of Logic, Silvio and Bruno*, etc.—and of course the usual presents invented by him—the Wonderland Stamp Case and the biscuit-tin covered with pictures from *Alice*—but his many kindnesses to us are far too many to enumerate.

In spite of much fun and laughter in the games he played with us I can never remember his romping with us; he was always staid and dignified. One of our greatest treats was to be taken up to London for the day, fetched by him in a hansom for the 9 a.m. train, travelling second class (third class was unheard of in those days). On the journey games and books were brought out of a large black bag to pass the time. At Paddington we got into a hansom and drove to the Academy or some other exhibition, and after lunch, sometimes at the house of some of his old friends, we went to a *matinée*.

Red-letter Day

My fifteenth birthday was a red-letter day in my life when I went to the theatre for the first time; the Oxford Theatre had not been built then. The play was 'Claudian', at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, Wilson Barrett taking the chief part. I was thrilled at the Roman scenery and the whole spectacle, which included an earthquake, though children nowadays are accustomed to that sort of thing at the cinema. The same day I was introduced to two of his artist friends. We visited Miss Heaphy at Heatherley's Studio, and Miss Gertrude Thompson who had illustrated William Allingham's poem of the fairies joined up for the theatre. Mr. Dodgson had suggested my bringing a book of my childish drawings to show them—on Ruskin's advice I had had no lessons—and afterwards both the artists wrote me kind letters giving me some advice. They were forwarded through Mr. Dodgson, who wrote saying they made him green with

jealousy as the only thing he ever had time to draw were the corks from all the bottles of beer that he drank.

Later on there were many more theatre expeditions, often to the Lyceum to see Ellen Terry and Irving. I especially remember seeing them in 'Olivia' with Irving as the Vicar of Wakefield. Isa Bowman, Mr. Dodgson's new child-friend, came with us. Beatrice was taken to 'Much Ado', and afterwards she received a photograph from Ellen Terry with 'To Beatrice from Beatrice' written underneath, and



'St. George and the Dragon': a photograph of some of his young friends taken by Lewis Carroll

(continued on page 202)

NEWS DIARY

January 22-28

Wednesday, January 22

Pan-Cyprian Labour Federation declares forty-eight-hour strike as public protest against murder of two of its members

Snow and ice delay traffic in many parts of Great Britain

The Prime Minister arrives in Wellington

Thursday, January 23

Motion of confidence in the economic policy of the Government is carried in Commons by 324 votes to 262

President Jimenez leaves Caracas after a revolt in Venezuela

Dr. Fuchs leaves the South Pole on the second part of his trans-Antarctic journey

Friday, January 24

British progress in producing and measuring temperatures up to 5,000,000 degrees Centigrade is announced in London and Washington

The British Transport Commission again rejects claims for higher pay by railway unions

Over 6,000 dockers on Merseyside stop work because of an inter-union dispute

Saturday, January 25

Hundreds of Turkish Cypriots demonstrate in Limassol and demand the partition of Cyprus

The Foreign Secretary has a discussion in Ankara with the Turkish Foreign Minister

Release of text of a speech made by Mr. Khrushchev in Minsk calling for a 'summit' meeting

Sunday, January 26

Minister of Labour rejects request for committee of inquiry into the claims for a wage increase by London busmen

The Governor of Cyprus leaves for talks with the Foreign Secretary on the future of Cyprus

It is announced that changes are to be made in the laws of Rugby Union football

Monday, January 27

A curfew is imposed on the Turkish quarter of Nicosia following further riots

Mr. Kadar resigns as Prime Minister of Hungary but remains first secretary of Communist Party

Mr. Khrushchev discusses possibility of 'summit' meeting with western diplomats in Moscow

Tuesday, January 28

Four Turkish Cypriots are killed during demonstrations in Cyprus

Three railway unions agree to take wage claims to arbitration

H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother leaves on visit to Australia and New Zealand

The Prime Minister arrives in Australia



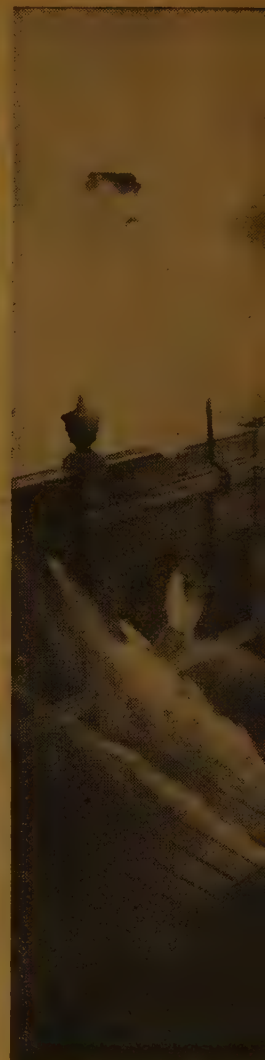
G. Monraisse and J. Feret of France photographed on January 26 with their Renault Dauphine in which they won the Monte Carlo rally. This year's rally was held under exceptionally bad conditions of snow and ice, and of more than 300 cars which set out only thirty-six finished



A model of one of the coaches of a monorail system that has been proposed for carrying passengers between London Airport and Victoria. The journey would take only twenty minutes. Last month a British delegation visited Germany to inspect the monorailway at Cologne



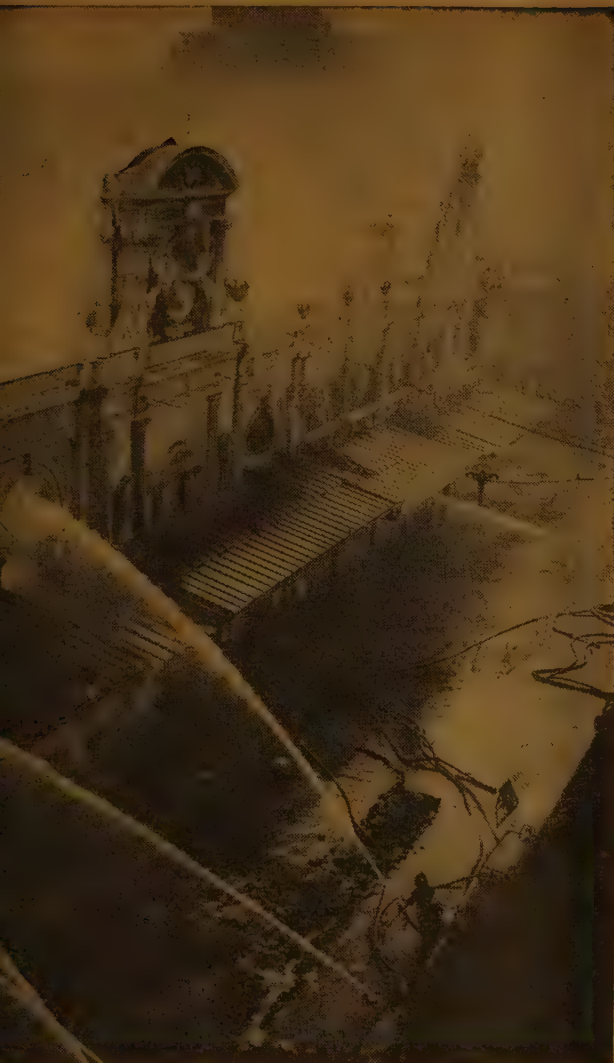
'Rusty', an Indian elephant at the London Zoo, enjoying himself in the snow last week



Firemen playing hoses on destroyed last week in a Brigades from all



A photograph taken recently at Kano, n railhe



hell of the poultry market in Smithfield, London, which was for nearly three days before being brought under control. The blaze in relays and two firemen lost their lives



Civilians sheltering from bullets behind a military vehicle in a street in Caracas, Venezuela, last week, as the secret police were besieged in their headquarters during the recent revolt against the Government. President Perez Jimenez fled from the country on January 23 and a military junta took over power



The design which has been chosen to replace the Dolphin Fountain in Hyde Park. It is the work of Mr. T. B. Huxley Jones



where stocks of groundnuts are built into pyramids at the port to ports and oil factories



A photograph taken during tests last week at Portsmouth of various new kinds of life-saving equipment. The man on the right is wearing an inflated polythene 'exposure' suit which insulates the wearer from extreme cold

(continued from page 199)

the words: 'There was a star danced, and under that was I born'. After one *matinée* Mr. Dodgson took me to Guildford to spend the week-end with him and his sisters, three elderly maiden ladies, in their Victorian house, The Chestnuts, up above the town near the castle.

After my father died and my mother was in bad health he came to visit her frequently and she always enjoyed long serious talks with him. He still took an interest in my drawing, and was most anxious to send me to Herkomer's School at Bushey, offering to pay all expenses: he was so wonderfully generous. But some bad oil paintings that I had just attempted to do at a local class were not accepted when I sent them up for admission to the school. I am afraid Mr. Dodgson was very disappointed, as I was at the time. But I have never regretted it since, as later on I went to the Slade School in London. Though he had the reputation of dropping his child-friends when they grew up he certainly kept up his friendship with us. After my mother's death our home in Oxford was given up, and my sister Evelyn and I went to London; and Mr. Dodgson would often come up at the weekends and take one of us out to a *matinée* on a Saturday afternoon.

My sister Beatrice lived on in Oxford with our friends Canon and Mrs. Sanday in their beautiful old house in Christ Church, so she was then in close touch with Mr. Dodgson. She

used to enjoy the *tête-à-tête* dinners she had with him in his rooms; his dinner parties of two have often been described. From her earliest years she had been a great favourite of his, and in an entry in his diary he mentions that she is expected, adding: 'always a most welcome visitor'. I regret that I never had a *tête-à-tête* dinner with him at Christ Church although I did once have an invitation. I had gone down to stay with our friends in Christ Church for a weekend and my sister Evelyn, who was then at St. Hugh's, was coming to spend the evening. So I refused his invitation, saying that I wanted to stay with my sisters. He then wrote me a most amusing letter. He said I was the new Cinderella who was so devoted to her sisters that she could not bear to be parted from them, and that they all went together to the ball and danced all the evening together, with their arms round each other's waist, and the prince was quite out of it. I had had *tête-à-tête* meals with him of course when I stayed with him in his lodgings in Eastbourne—but my visit there was overshadowed by my mother's serious illness and has left very little impression on me, though I know he arranged some entertainment for me every day. His next visitor was Irene Vanbrugh whose father was an old friend of Mr. Dodgson's. He was most anxious that I should stay longer and meet her but I was not able to.

In 1897 he came to lunch with me in London before taking me to a *matinée*. I saw him again

at the end of that year when he took me to the Court Theatre and two other young friends joined us. So it was quite unexpected and a great shock when a few weeks later, one morning in January, the maid brought in the newspaper, saying: 'Your sister says, you will be sorry to see the death of an old friend'. It was difficult to realise that he had gone. One never thought of him as old, and though he did sometimes suffer from ill-health he never showed it outwardly and was always the same cheery self to his friends. We had lost someone who had been in the background of our lives ever since I could remember anything.

Now I am speaking from a room in Kensington where he sometimes sat, though when I came to live here some years ago I did not know that George MacDonald had lived in this house in the eighteen-sixties and that Mr. Dodgson often visited him here. It was also from this house that the suggestion was made that the book *Alice* should be published. He had sent the manuscript to Mrs. MacDonald to read to her children and they had been so delighted with the story that she wrote urging him to publish it. He acted on her advice in 1865.

I am sitting in the same armchair in which he sometimes sat when he came to call on us in Oxford. At the end of his letter in 1884 wishing me forty years of happiness, he added: 'Think of me in the year 1924'—and now I am thinking of him in 1958.—*Third Programme*

The Future of the Bank of England

(continued from page 184)

felt that there were two British policies, run in different parts of London by people with different objectives, and have wondered where the real power lay. There was a dramatic example of this confusion during the sterling crisis of 1955.

The truth is that the Bank of England, because of its great history and its creative role in the nineteenth century in formulating the very concept of a central bank, is a special kind of institution. Nationalisation did not touch it because the Labour Government took great care to leave exactly the same people in charge, whose only anxiety was to go on conducting their affairs in precisely the same way as they had done before nationalisation. Armed with almost the widest powers of compulsion of any central bank, it goes out of its way to avoid using its legal powers, and relies, as it has done in the past, on its prestige in the City of London and its powers of persuasion. It acts, in fact, like a head prefect in the City, whereas the real task of a central bank today is to behave like a headmaster.

The prefect simile corresponds, indeed, very closely to the reality. The public school spirit and its characteristic hierarchical organisation remain extremely strong in the City. This spirit came out in the very tone of some of the remarks made in the evidence before the Bank Rate Tribunal. Lord Weeks said to Lord Kindersley that he looked very 'po-faced' on the day when he knew about the Bank rate and refused to help his Investment Manager. There was also something almost touching about the certainty with which Lord Kindersley and

others announced that they could hive off the portion of their minds which contained Bank of England information when they were engaged in other business which might be affected by the Bank's decisions. They were perfectly sincere in their statements. If there was one thing which the Tribunal made clear, it was that these are men of the highest standards of personal integrity. But whether what Lord Kindersley believes that he does can really be done is a problem of psychology and moral philosophy, not a matter of will. That the mind can be treated like a piece of matter and cut into a number of self-contained squares is something which only a very confident man with a simple view of life and morals could believe. It may even be that holding this simple view leads to higher standards of conduct in practice. But that does not necessarily make it true.

The public school spirit has, in my view, helped to raise and then to keep standards of commercial morality at a high level. It is essential for the proper functioning of the markets and other institutions in the City that people should be able to trust each other's word absolutely. There must be a rigid code of morals, and a clear line of authority on any matter in dispute. The hierarchy goes up to the Governor of the Bank of England at its head. He lays down the law. In the last resort he has to obey the behests of the masters in Whitehall; but it is clear that he is on the side of the City. The presence of the part-time directors on the Court of the Bank of England is an important symbol of the reality that

the Governor is still, after all, one of the boys.

This, I think, is one of the reasons for the Governor's anxiety to retain these men on the Court. He made a vigorous plea to this effect before the Bank Rate Tribunal. However, the present close relationship between the Bank and the City also has its dangers for the strict conduct of British financial policy. The Bank is inclined to believe that it can always deal with a problem by a word in someone's ear, to regard formal regulations as an unnecessary nuisance, whereas the country's real need may be to get some quite simple regulation properly enforced. The delay, until the crisis of last summer, in dealing with the large-scale flight of British capital into dollar securities *via* Kuwait is the most recent example. The Bank prides itself on its sympathetic understanding of the day-to-day problems of the City, and this has undoubtedly played a large part in establishing its moral supremacy as prefect in the hierarchy of the square mile. But with the enlarged role of central banking in the conduct of economic affairs in the modern state, it seems to me essential that the central bank should now come down firmly on the side of the masters in Whitehall. My fear, in fact, is not that the directors of the Bank of England may be influenced in their private business decisions by what they learn there, but that the Bank's decisions may be unduly influenced by its special role in relation to the business interests of the City.—*Third Programme*

The second of Mr. Shonfield's four talks on the European economy will be published next week.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Faith of a Salesman

Sir,—In trying to erect the ethically neutral concept of salesmanship into an ethically positive one Sir Miles Thomas (THE LISTENER, January 23) has presented us with at least two ugly fallacies. He says: 'In all our relationships with other people we are selling our personal qualities so that we may in exchange win comfort, security, prestige, friendship, and love'. A prime factor in selling is the exaction of the full and measurable price for everything with which you part. The application of this standard to human relations and personal qualities simply degrades them.

As to personal relationships, it is a matter of experience that the most precious of these, namely love, has nothing to do with selling and little to do with personal qualities. Love is created from deep and often unknown springs: it cannot be bought, sold, or bartered, and he who tries to sell his qualities for love might as well go into the wholesale business and sell his soul.

As to personal qualities, our civilisation rests on the belief that there are ultimate values—Truth, Beauty, Moral Goodness, Justice—which being disparate and valuable in their own right are literally priceless: they cannot be priced in terms other than their own. These values are clearly manifested in people as personal qualities, and your contributor's thesis that they can be 'sold' is distasteful as well as unrealistic. 'Switch on the charm, boys, here comes a customer'—this type may or may not succeed in commerce but will fail in life, because all attempts to sell the best personal qualities simply add up to a slightly avaricious insincerity.

British greatness rests partly on the fact that we have introduced a justice that cannot be bought or sold to many millions for whom previously everything was saleable. Does Sir Miles Thomas wish to put the clock back here? Selling is strictly antipathetic to giving, to hospitality, to generosity, to all forms of self-denial: if we do have these impulses we are presumably engaged in selling them to get something else. The idea is not pleasant—fortunately it is not valid either.

Salesmanship and commerce are economic processes and economic necessities which the British have handled with conspicuous honesty and effect. Long may we continue to do so, for they are more necessary today than ever before. Let us improve our sales techniques, step up our sales enthusiasm, pile on bonuses for successful selling. But in seeking to transmute these necessities into virtues Sir Miles Thomas does a disservice to clear thinking.

Yours, etc.,

Eversley

E. F. G. HAIG

Sir,—Sir Miles Thomas, in his talk 'The Faith of a Salesman', has shone a light in very dark places. Are there really many people who think as he does? If there are, it is small wonder that Christians are bothered by the problem of

communication. As far as economic necessity goes, it may well be that he is right, and that more attention to salesmanship would help us in our temporary and highly insecure position in the no-man's-land between *laissez-faire* and control.

But when he comes to talking of human love, artistic creation, and the teaching of religion in terms of salesmanship, words almost fail me in trying to express the greatness of the gulf between his 'faith' and the truth about these things. There is an anti-God proverb from this end of the kingdom, 'If tha does owt for nowt, do it for thasen', and it does not sound as if Sir Miles has got any further than that. His words must have made many clergy and other Christians feel as I do—that once again we must start afresh to teach and to demonstrate that we are not trying to sell anything—but we are longing to *give* the way to personal wholeness and a right relationship with our Maker and our fellows. The whole of the Christian life can only be adequately defined in terms of outpouring, of giving.

Yours, etc.,

Runcorn

C. MORLEY DAVIDSON

Should Britain Abandon Nuclear Arms?

Sir,—Whether or not the unnameable Mr. P. replies to Mr. Nigel Nicolson's recent talk (THE LISTENER, January 16), it is important that someone who agrees with neither of them should intervene to prevent Mr. Nicolson getting away with things so easily. For, while I agree that we should reject Mr. P.'s dangerously despairing thesis, some of Mr. Nicolson's arguments to show why we should do so seem to me, if anything, to be more dangerous still, and indeed, in spite of their appearance of self-assurance, to be quite as despairing as Mr. P.'s pre-suicidal pacifism. May I deal briefly with four of his arguments against unilateral atomic disarmament as proposed by Mr. P?

(1) Mr. Nicolson sees no difference in kind between bombing Berlin in the last war and launching (he, of course, assumes in retaliation) an atomic attack on Moscow. Yet he must know perfectly well that the calculable effects of all-out H-bomb warfare would be different in kind—in particular for non-combatant nations that lie between and around the combatants as well as for any future generations of humanity—from even the most massive TNT warfare or even all known forms of chemical warfare. It is this which gives point to the thesis that, since it could never be right to use atomic armaments, it is useless to bargain or threaten with them—all the more so because of the dangerous ease with which they can be set in motion.

Now, while this consideration does not, in my belief, force Mr. P.'s despairing conclusion upon us, it does force us surely to accept the following thesis: that, although our present almost total reliance upon the atomic deterrent is not a situation for which we can properly be blamed, it is nevertheless a situation which it is morally

incumbent as well as politically expedient for us to move away from as rapidly as possible. Other strong reasons for urging this are sufficiently well known: the danger always involved in an arms race; the inevitable spread of atomic armament first to allies and satellites then to potential allies and satellites until some Ruritanian lunatic tries one out; the fact that this diffusion of atomic weapons will progressively render possession of them in any quantity useless for diplomatic threats and bargains of a cautious and limited kind. Mr. Nicolson's talk shows no appreciation of these facts: on the contrary it suggests (to my mind) fundamentally despairing acquiescence in the maintenance of the present nuclear armament race.

(2) Mr. Nicolson refers to a 'quirk' in human nature which makes men sometimes prefer the smaller chance of irretrievable disaster (in this case the destruction or irreversible deterioration of the human race) to the greater chance of immense but perhaps not wholly irretrievable evil (in this case Communist domination of Western Europe, including Great Britain). How is he so sure, I wonder, about the feelings of his fellow countrymen on this issue? It is significant that it has never been brought before the electorate since 1945. Again, he should remember that we cannot be concerned simply with British choices; we must consider the choices of any people, e.g., the Germans or Poles or Scandinavians, who by reason of geography are strong candidates for extermination once an atomic war begins.

But, waiving these objections, there are some even more searching questions to be put on this issue. Let us admit the existence of the 'quirk' in question: let us even grant that, when supported by adequate reasons, it is really one manifestation of human rationality. But what reasons does Mr. Nicolson in fact bring forward in defence of the preference, which he attributes to us, of a more terrifying possibility to a less terrible probability? 'We have not been defenceless for a thousand years', he tells us. This kind of statement is calculated to evoke traditional and proper patriotic feelings about defending our homes and fighting on the beaches, etc. But what is the relevance of such feelings to the deliberate adoption of policies involving the ultimate threat of atomic war? 'We have emerged victorious from two world wars', he tells us, and are therefore 'insistent upon taking the risks of a third'. If Mr. Nicolson is right in this terrifying appreciation of public opinion, surely he must agree that it is an opinion most firmly and most confidently held by those who have thought and tried to find out least about its consequences.

To reverse our policy of the deterrent, he goes on, would be regarded by our American allies as an act of treachery. This seems a strong point, but Mr. Nicolson at once adds that such action would also 'have terrible consequences upon our economy'! Does not this suggest the unholy thought that we are taking part in the Atlantic Alliance as much to sustain our very high stan-

dard of living as to save our liberal heritage? Mr. Nicolson insists if we were without atomic weapons and bereft of allies how intolerable would our position be in an all-out nuclear war between East and West. But would our position be so much less appalling if, geographically placed as we are, we began as minor participants in an all-out H-bomb contest between America and Russia? If I were asked to think up the four worst possible reasons to support the 'quirk' Mr. Nicolson refers to I don't think I could have done better than choose those just cited.

(3) Next Mr. Nicolson tries to provide a few cheering props to the present policy of maintaining the Cold War and the arms race. He urges us to believe that the threat of the supreme deterrent against any military infringement of the present *status quo* really does stop war from breaking out. 'You do not embark upon war unless you have reasonable confidence that you will win outright', he writes, with reference to the Russians. But does not Mr. Nicolson's reading extend to wars which have been touched off by accident, wars which no one really wanted and no one really believed they could win? On this all-important issue his talk does nothing but encourage us to close our eyes.

(4) Finally, we have the false and dangerous statement: 'Dictatorships have never survived as long as democracies'. Which democracies? German democracies since 1918—or French democracies since 1789? In the relevant sense, our Western democratic nations are creations of, at longest, the last two hundred-odd years. And, of course, history shows us many dictatorial governments in China and India, in the Middle East and, above all, in the Roman Empire which have far longer lives to their credit. Of course the intention of this statement is to act as a tranquilliser as we sit behind our ever-increasing atomic armament, awaiting, with a mixture of prayers and curses, the passing of the Russian (and, no doubt, also of the Chinese and other communist) regimes. Mr. Nicolson confidently expects the collapse of Russian militarism in the present century. Well, it has survived almost continuously since the days of Ivan the Terrible!

The truth to be stressed in this connection is, rather, that democracy, just because it is the best and noblest form of government, is for that reason the most vulnerable and the most difficult to maintain in health and vigour. To maintain it in the morbid atmosphere of Cold War and without economic resources, drawn away from sane humanitarian ends by an unending arms race is a prospect to give us pause. On the other hand, even in the gravest emergencies the democracies have incomparable assets. In particular, our democracy allows us to think—to think boldly and efficiently in each new emergency, instead of being slaves to rigid dogma and frenzied superstition. Also it should allow us to present to our people at large well-reasoned and absolutely honest cases for the policies we pursue: cases that really ring a bell in the thoughts of serious and responsible men and women and do not simply echo old and hallowed but irrelevant sentiments in the hope of stifling intelligent and proper anxiety. The trouble about Mr. Nicolson's talk is that it seems to offer us the slogan 'We'll die with our boots on' as an alternative to Mr. P.'s histrionically self-righteous 'We'll die with our hands clean'.

Yours, etc.,

Castleward, Co. Down W. B. GALLIE

A Special Language

Sir,—Anybody can write clearly about contemporary painting if they are able to conceal their feelings about it. The critic can describe the artist's style, technique, and intentions. And if he feels so strongly about the work that he cannot pretend to be indifferent he will still be able to make easily understood points about it—as long as he thinks it is bad. But if he thinks it is good then he is in difficulties. To anyone who cares for art itself, something which transcends art-history or art-fashion or art-connoisseurship, *everything* about a bad work is bad and his whole judgement of it can be expressed by criticising any detail. This is why almost all the most lucid and readable current criticism is that which is attacking something. Mr. Berger's recent attack on Annigoni and Sutherland is a brilliant example; and I can hardly believe that Mr. Edwards could complain of the *obscurity* of some of Mr. Sylvester's onslaughts published during the last year. However, if a critic is writing about something that he admires very much the problem is different because to define why you think a picture is good means nothing less than to define what art means to you. A good picture calls everything that you admire into the discussion.

It is easy enough to pretend that a hack phrase or two will let you out of this. We all know how this is done and how 'scrupulously lucid' it sounds. But if you want to explain why you think a painting is good and you have not got the space to write your *Modern Painters* and have not got a well-publicised Form Book to refer to, how do you do it? You cannot do it by describing individual aspects of the picture and saying it is good because of them—it will always be possible to think of bad pictures that tally with your description. Nothing that you can describe objectively will cover the *inimitable* quality of the work in question. You are forced to try to make a simultaneous description of the work and your experience of it, the object and your fantasies, the artist and your sense of art. If you have unlimited space these strands can be separated and bound up at leisure; if not, everything you write depends upon the goodwill of your reader, on his willingness to acknowledge your implied 'as if'.

That goodwill is lacking in Mr. Edwards in this case is obvious from his pedantry. Has he never read a literary critic who says 'the book describes . . .'? If he does not wish to understand that 'the picture' here means 'the painter-as-his-thought - is - manifested - in - the picture' one wonders why he bothered to read the article to the end. And does he seriously think that Mr. Sylvester was comparing Andrews' overall stature as an artist with Piero's? But the main difficulty is simply that he is unfamiliar with certain things about pictures that Mr. Sylvester is describing and evaluating in the two sentences quoted in his letter. There is nothing occult about the process Mr. Sylvester describes; it is just that Mr. Edwards has apparently never noticed it. It is often an important feature of a picture that the artist opposes one quality with another, light with dark, for instance, or horizontal with vertical or, as here, flatness with depth, and in doing so makes an expressive relationship. If you cannot see this you cannot understand a description of it and still less can you understand somebody finding value in it. But this

does not make such a description 'empty verbiage' any more than my ignorance of Christian philosophy makes the letter that followed Mr. Edwards' in *THE LISTENER* last week empty verbiage. Art criticism is not a substitute for looking at pictures but a commentary upon it. And unless this is understood it means rather less than literary criticism without literature.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3

ANDREW FORGE

Sir,—Mr. Ralph Edwards is a tiresome pedant. He objects because, in your columns, Mr. David Sylvester wrote that certain pictures did something or other. One gathers that what Mr. Sylvester should have written was that the artist who painted these pictures made it appear that these pictures did something or other. Fuss-pot Edwards!

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

STEPHEN BONE

Is There a Christian Philosophy?

Sir,—I am much obliged to Mr. R. M. S. Beatson for his comments on my broadcast talk. The difference, clearly, between his position and mine is the difference between the Augustinian approach and the Thomist. The statement that 'it is of the essence of theology to deal with the supernatural; that of philosophy to deal with the natural' is one from which Augustine would have dissented utterly. For him the central issue of philosophy is God; his metaphysics, his ethics, his psychology—this last perhaps especially—all lead him to the idea of deity. And this, for a Christian, cannot, he would have insisted, be otherwise. He himself had no further interest, as he confessed: '*Deum et animam scire cupio. Nihilne plus? Nihil omnino*' (*Solil.*, I, i, 7). The knowledge which alone he seeks is the knowledge of God: but knowledge (be it said) of God, and not merely *about* him—'*Si sapientia Deus est . . . verus philosophus est amator Dei*' (*De civit. Dei*, viii, 1). The truth is to be loved, and its apprehension calls for 'the whole man'.

But then, Augustine was a Platonist, not an Aristotelian. His thought, which is at once metaphysical and theological, has found, I think, no better summary than the words of Malebranche: '*Si la foi n'éclairait l'homme et ne le conduisait à quelque intelligence de la vérité, assurément elle n'aurait pas les effets qu'on lui attribue. La Raison ne s'est incarnée que pour conduire par les sens les hommes à la Raison*' (*Traité de Morale*, Première Partie, chap. ii, 11 and 12). Certainly, as I pointed out in my talk, Augustine recognises two senses of the word *philosophia*. The broader comprises the quest of knowledge in any field, whether or not it be seen to imply the supreme End of all knowledge. To qualify it by the epithet 'Christian' would therefore be pointless: we do not speak of a Christian physics, or a Christian mathematics, or a Christian logic; although if truth, by virtue of its common instrument, reason, be an ultimate unity, these too fall into place in relation to him who is the Source of all truth. But by *philosophia* in the narrower sense—and it is with this only that he concerns himself—Augustine means a Christian metaphysic, and all other systems are to be judged worthy to be called philosophies according to their proximity to it. The question whether philosophy 'in its

essence' is distinct from theology does not occupy him. Instead he sees the whole problem from the angle alone of Christian experience: it is *this* which for the believer challenges the understanding; whilst faith moreover clothes him with that *moral* predisposition apart from which—as Newman consistently held—reason cannot fulfil its task.

But to say that Augustine does not distinguish between philosophy and theology is not however to argue that the former has no relative autonomy, or even, strictly speaking, doesn't exist. It does not exist if you apply to Augustine's thinking definitions the validity of which he himself would have denied, philosophy being inseparable from the truth made known to us by Revelation. On the contrary, since God is the light whose beams illumine all things,—*'ea non posse intelligi nisi ab alio quasi suo sole illustrentur'* (Solil., I, i, 8)—it is by Revelation that a Christian perceives his philosophy (or metaphysic) to be the true one. It thus follows, for those who in general find the Augustinian position more congenial than the Thomist, that the notion of a philosophy 'independent in essence' from theology must be rejected. There is, they will maintain, no place for a philosophy which is merely juxtaposed to religion in a cold neutrality, neither for it nor against it. Reflection, rather, leads us to the conviction that we have in ourselves neither the principle nor the end of our existence. The *malaise* which has infected so much contemporary philosophy is a consequence of the refusal to face this very fact. *'Inquietum cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te'*. And the reason likewise.

Yours, etc.,
B. M. G. REARDON

Lifton

The Shadow of the 'Bulge'

Sir,—Undoubtedly we shall not get an educated democracy and an all-round secondary education for all without curtailment of some freedoms, as Mr. Seacome implies; freedom to buy particular, even socially undesirable, forms of education for instance. The present government includes, I believe, twelve Old Etonians alone; this obviously has a bearing on failure to plan for the 'bulge in the birthrate' so that there could be ordered progress to a general leaving age of sixteen, and on the block grant proposal with its disastrous implications for the nation's schools.

Mr. Seacome is primarily concerned with the freedom of the teacher; I, with freeing the smallest of cogs in our present machine—the child.

The two aims are not always compatible. Today a secondary modern head is free to decide that his pupils cannot master algebra and not to teach them; though this handicaps the children and deprives local industries of school leavers with the necessary qualifications. A grammar school head is 'free' (or forced by examination requirements) to make children drop history or geography, music or art from the age of thirteen. Yet we are not altogether consistent. The 1944 Act enforced Scripture for all and a daily act of worship.

Surely it is not beyond our powers to agree on a secondary curriculum which gives all children access to the classics of our literature, to science, music, and art? According to Edward Crankshaw, a well-known critic of the Soviet

Union, young Russians rarely stop reading; the taxi-driver, chambermaid, porter, will reluctantly lay down a book as you approach, more likely than not Tolstoy, Gogol, or Gorky. Should we be satisfied with a few fifteen-year-olds studying *Animal Farm* as a set book under the teacher's guidance while the rest are at work and likely to read American-type comics or look at ITV for relaxation? This is hardly the best way to ensure understanding and correction of the defects and hypocrisies in our way of life.

THE LISTENER can sum up for me. A leading article, 'Brash New World' (October 3, 1957), attributed many of our cultural failings to lack of democracy in education:

When a broader and more comprehensive system, envisaged by progressive educationists, finally comes into being, and when university education becomes available upon the American or even upon the Scottish model, a new generation will come into being almost certainly with other cultural standards from those that prevail today. The skiffle-strip cartoon age may give way to something better.

Yours, etc.,
JOAN SIMON
Leicester

Radio Drama

Sir,—In terms whose sympathy is slightly suspect Mr. Frederick Bradnum implies that it is high time THE LISTENER had itself a new and more amenable Sound Drama critic. The end of this particular affliction is in sight. He will not have to bear with me so very much longer.

He is the third member of the Drama Department to suggest in these columns in recent months that my interest in drama is only in theatrical drama, so that I am unsympathetic to radio drama as such. This is a distortion of the truth. I am primarily interested in drama; he seems to be primarily concerned with radio. I am concerned to ask: 'Which was the most valuable dramatic experience on radio last week?' He would apparently prefer me to ask: 'Which was the production that made maximum use of the resources of radio?' Occasionally I am obliged to resort to a second criterion: 'Must I concentrate on this production because it is the first of an extended series of the same type?' Mr. Bradnum distorts this into an allegation, for which he produces no evidence whatsoever, that I dishonestly select 'some indifferent radio drama' in order to discredit work specially composed for the medium.

The only adequate rebuttal is facts. In the twelve articles up to last week I gave main space to more non-theatrical than theatrical plays. The non-theatrical plays dealt with were: (1) the first two in the important new 'Plays for Radio' series. With other critics, I disliked the first; the second I praised more highly than my colleagues. (2) The first two of the 'Connoisseurs of Crime' series (i.e., the first 'fiction' and the first 'fact') both of which I disliked, for different reasons. (3) Three articles dealt mainly with adapted novels, 'The Shrimp and the Anemone' trilogy, on which my main point was that it needed drastic condensation; the reading from 'Molloy', of which I complained that the twenty-page excerpt was too brief to do justice to this important work; and (together) the adaptations of two Russian novels (on the collation of which I warmly congratulated the Drama Department), 'Not By Bread Alone' and 'The Brothers Karamazov'. I challenge Mr.

Bradnum to say which of these was 'some indifferent radio drama' deliberately chosen in preference to something else broadcast in the relevant week that had higher claims on unbiased critical attention.

As I point out elsewhere in this issue (in an article completed before Mr. Bradnum's letter appeared), only four years ago the Drama Department thought fit to mount thirteen substantial theatrical dramas on successive Monday nights. Now we are to have only two or three. Yet the quest for enough (of course there are some) comparable original radio scripts and adaptations of novels has been heroically pursued for many more years than that. When, in that situation, the Department proceeds to this drastic reduction of the proportion of theatrical drama, it is the job of responsible criticism to call public attention to the policy, to challenge it, and to continue to give the remaining theatrical productions the treatment their quality deserves. I hope my successor, whoever he may presently be, may continue to do so.

The new policy is the outcome of no aesthetic or technical revolution in radio, no radical improvement in the supply situation, which cannot be transformed merely by laying out more money on scripts. It is, in my opinion, an unsound rationalisation of the situation into which the Drama Department has been stampeded by the drama demand of competitive television. However much a drama critic may sympathise with the difficulties arising from this pressure of circumstances, his judgement of the quality of dramatic experience cannot be revised accordingly. My own fallible judgement records a serious, extensive, and increasing dramatic devaluation in broadcast drama, roughly proportionate to the reduction in substantial theatrical drama. Is that really so very surprising or unfair?

I sincerely believe that this is an issue of major importance which is only obscured by rather deplorable personalities. It is one that cannot be adequately argued out in a succession of short topical articles and still shorter published correspondence. I am ready at any time to debate the issue publicly with any spokesman of the Drama Department, on or off the air. But do they want to argue it out, or only to discredit their intractable critic? Mr. Bradnum's implication that THE LISTENER would give more acceptable service if it chose a critic who adopts the recently formulated basic assumptions of the Drama Department is one that strikes at the root of genuinely independent criticism in the pages of a B.B.C. publication. Is that where the 'new look' in sound broadcasting is leading us?

Yours, etc.,
ROY WALKER
London, N.W.2

Too Many Choices

Sir,—The parallel relating to Galileo (THE LISTENER, January 16) is misconceived. (1) Galileo was not tortured. (2) He was in receipt of a pension, from Pope Urban VIII, which was never withdrawn. (3) He was handed over to the benign custody of his friends.

These facts are clearly set out in *Dialogue on the Great World Systems* (published by the University Press, Chicago; Cambridge University Press, London).

Yours, etc.,
E. COPELAND SNELGROVE
Littleborough

Art

Round the London Galleries

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

THE Arts Council is to be congratulated on its unusually bold decision to stage a retrospective exhibition of Robert Delaunay (1885-1941). This artist is not one of the glamorous moderns for whom Londoners can be expected to queue. He is, on the contrary, a neglected artist whose work has much of the roughness of the pioneer.

Delaunay's two great interests were the city and abstract art. The city-theme begins with his brilliant paintings of Saint-Séverin, in which a hint of the traditional idea of Gothic as a 'stone forest' is overlaid by a surge of the dynamism of 'modern times', turning the flowing piers into a diagram of forces. The celebration of city-life in terms of dynamic energy separates Delaunay from the low-life and Bohemian Paris scenes of artists of the preceding generation, such as Toulouse-Lautrec and Bonnard. Delaunay's Paris is optimistic, vigorous, and, maybe, brash, as in the series of paintings devoted to what Sigfried Giedion has called 'the emotional content of the tower', the Eiffel Tower. These paintings, taken together, constitute an image that the artist has possessed and made his own. He combines views of the 1,000-foot-high tower from every angle with parts of it dissolving in light and air.

These bold and confident pictures are far from possessing the subtlety of contemporary cubist pictures by Picasso and Braque. Delaunay's simplifications of form are often perfunctory (as in the clouds in No. 10), and the transitions from plane to plane are often very broad. This is not necessarily a failing, however, if we realise that Delaunay was a monumental painter and that the sustained, consistent values of easel painting interested him less than massive, approximate, heroic statements. Monumentality in art requires a boldness of handling to match the greatness of scale. In addition, monumental art cannot afford to be privately based and Delaunay's city-themes provided the artist with an accessible topic (everyone can recognise the Tower). He reached the great audience for which ideally he worked with his enormous murals in the Palace of the Air and the Railway Pavilion at the Universal Exhibition of 1937.

His interest in non-figurative art dates from 1912 and it needs to be said that abstract art and the city were united interests. He belonged to a generation of artists who identified abstract art with the man-made environment in a way that few of us would do today. Léger is perhaps the best known among the artists who made this identification, but there are many others, including Malevich, whose small scattered geometrical figures were related to squadrons of aeroplanes in flight. Thus, there is no opposition between

images of the Eiffel Tower and pure geometric forms, because Delaunay regarded geometry as natural to a machine age. He once explained to a fellow-artist that the circles in a mural denoted the movement of aeroplane propellers.



'Saint-Séverin' (1909), by Robert Delaunay: from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square

Delaunay reached abstract art *via* a series of 'Windows' in which he transformed roofscapes of Paris into coloured transparent prisms. Having broken form by means of these planes of colour his next step was to make such planes 'the structure of the picture'. Probably influenced by Franz Kupka, he organised his pure colour into discs. Several large paintings at the Arts Council Gallery show this aspect of his work, notably the 'Circular Form. Sun. Moon' about seven and-a-half feet square. His energetic handling gives these late works the bright, hard clarity of banners, over which his circles swing with driving, rhythmic intensity.

Delaunay's use of a comprehensive imagery of urbanism has been little developed by recent artists. It was part of his optimism to hope to get into art the new spectacle of urban life. He did not attempt this solely in terms of easel painting, a form that encourages experiment, but in terms of large-scale decorative painting. He would have been, had the times permitted, the Charles Le Brun of cubism. He asserted the artist's power to create commanding images of

social importance (like Le Brun's promotion of *le Roi Soleil*) at a time when the mass media were about to supplant the artist's role of public image-maker. As a result many of his great pictures remained on his hands, getting dilapidated in store. On the whole, the cinema, magazine illustrations, and advertising now supply the public with their key-images of the urban environment. Delaunay tried to extend painting's public function just as social changes were cutting it down. His position is that of a pioneer modern deeply involved with the forms he inherited from the past.

The annual exhibition of the London Group at the R.B.A. Galleries raises the annual question: what is wrong with the London Group? It is a co-operative venture run by artists, and when it started, in 1913, it had a purpose: to present British post-impressionism to the public. It was in opposition to the New English Art Club which, having been founded earlier, was committed to an earlier style. With the passage of time the sense of purpose that accompanies a stance of opposition has faded to be replaced by a spirit of mild tolerance. The London Group has now reached the point where its annual exhibitions contain little that is uniquely its own and cannot be seen elsewhere.

Let us consider the exhibition in terms of age-groups. The exhibits of the senior members are frankly dead-weight and the middle-aged members who might, as things stand, be the core of the group, do not make a concerted effort to show representative examples of their work in progress. A move in this direction by Claude Rogers (the President), Robert Medley, Victor Pasmore, and Ceri Richards is not adequately supported by the rest of the membership.

The Group regularly elects younger artists to membership, one of whom, Alan Davie, dominates Gallery III with the 'Imp of Clubs', in which Action Painting yields to liturgical colour symbolism. However, not all the younger members have contributed pictures, and of these Norman Adams, Terry Frost, William Gear, Louis Le Broquy, and William Turnbull are the best represented. Perhaps it is now time for the younger artists to organise a group of their own.

This year, as always, the exhibition contains so many paintings that it could only be hung badly; and it is. As the hanging fee for non-members (who account for three-fifths of the exhibits) is £1 and upwards, according to size, crowding may be an economic necessity. Nevertheless, the cumulative effect of such exhibitions can only be to degrade the prestige of a once admired and active group that appears to have outlived its function.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

A Portrait of Lord Nelson

By Oliver Warner.

Chatto and Windus. 30s.

THIS YEAR, the bicentenary of Nelson's birth, will no doubt see many more additions to the already vast literature on him, but Mr. Warner can claim to have set a high standard with his new portrait. Such a portrait can be recreated entirely from the surviving letters and despatches, says Mr. Warner, but he goes further than this because he is at pains not to rediscover perfection but to depict his subject warts and all. Nelson of course does not suffer in the process, in fact he gains in stature when removed from the pious adulation of the traditional biographer, though it is perhaps a shock to learn that Lady Spencer, recording her first impression of him in the drawing-room at the Admiralty soon after the loss of his arm, found him 'a most uncouth creature with the general appearance of an idiot'. Again we may gasp to learn that Sir John Moore, who had formed a high opinion in Corsica earlier, was far less enthusiastic when he met Nelson briefly at the Neapolitan court, finding him 'more like a Prince of Opera than the conqueror of the Nile', adding that it was 'really melancholy to see a brave and good man . . . cutting so pitiful a figure'. Troubridge too criticised him for the nocturnal parties in Sicily, and Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart of the 49th Regiment, the landing force which accompanied the Baltic expedition, noted that 'His Lordship was rather too apt to interfere in the working of the ship and not always with the best success or judgement'. Even the faithful Hardy felt that Nelson was on dangerous ground when he rose to speak in the House of Lords, being 'fully convinced that sailors should not talk too much'.

But though there may be a tendency to search out Nelson's failings because his virtues are too well known, Mr. Warner has succeeded in drawing a balanced as well as a lively portrait. The book should be popular because it is well-written is of manageable size, and has a swiftly moving narrative. There is for example the pathetic vision of Sir William Hamilton during the nightmare journey from Naples to Palermo who was found in his cabin with a pistol in each hand, determined to blow his brains out rather than experience the 'guggle, guggle, guggle of salt water in his throat'. Or again there is the story that the First Lord fell flat on the floor outside his room in the Admiralty when he heard the news of the Battle of the Nile.

There is a certain amount of new material incorporated in the book of which probably the most important are the extracts from Nelson's rough journal of notes on the Baltic campaign which have been privately owned and have not been used in earlier biographies. A valuable appendix is a well-documented list of the thirty contemporary portraits of Nelson.

Georgian Afternoon

By L. E. Jones. Hart-Davis. 21s.

A gentleman-amateur among writers, Sir Lawrence Jones gave pleasure by the graceful precision and urbane personal touch of *A Victorian*

Boyhood and *An Edwardian Youth*. This sequel, chronicling various phases of his later life, may seem less smoothly integrated.

Sir Lawrence describes his experiences as a prisoner of war in Pomerania in the first world war. They showed him Prussianism at its callous, hectoring, and neurotic worst, and led him to the depressing belief that there is a gap between the British and the Teutonic temperament not only immense but 'unbridgeable'. He devotes a chapter to the specialised delights of deer-stalking, and a much longer one to his last, pre-1939 days as a Norfolk squire. The pages dealing with his discoveries of life and character in the City are more unusual, and of special interest at a time when public attention has been drawn to some of its workings. He learned how unbusinesslike business-men can be—and how ignorant. He tells of a successful broker with a six-figure income whose prosperity was due to social connections, not to a knowledge of what he was selling. He includes a brilliant word-picture of Sir Montagu Norman by Geoffrey Madan. And he makes his own honourable amends for the disgusting anti-Semitism of the late Hilaire Belloc, which influenced him in youth and which he discarded when he discovered Jewish virtues for himself.

In the 'thirties Sir Lawrence was of the minority which found that period one of 'recurrent malaise' and 'gnawing apprehensions'. He had the courage to defy the regional convention of complacent Conservatism, and he has shown himself equally independent in his thoughts about religion. But there is a moment in this book when some of its readers may feel that he is uncharacteristically hasty. It is when he inveighs against pacifists for being against war rather than against 'the aggressors', but does not pause to enquire whether it does not take two to make a quarrel, or whether pacifists have not a case against the provoking of aggression. And it is ungraceful, to say the least, that he should ascribe muddleheadedness, self-pity, and even the possibility of being tempted into collaboration with the enemy, to 'the little group of writers and war poets' associated with the first world war, including Wilfred Owen, who is dead, and Sir Osbert Sitwell, who is living.

The House that Stoll Built

By Felix Barker. Muller. 25s.

This most readable 'biography' of the Coliseum is worth the attention of anyone interested in London's theatrical history. Until the introduction there of musical comedy, the vast playhouse in St. Martin's Lane enjoyed a unique position, for many who saw on its stage their first performing elephants and sea-lions, got also their first glimpse of such artists as Bernhardt and Karsavina. Once the great French actress had satisfied herself that there was no sawdust on the floor, she was pleased to perform upon a number of occasions at £1,000 a week, which she preferred should be paid proportionately and in gold each evening before the curtain rose. Karsavina's appearance there in 1909 marked the occasion of the Russian Ballet's initial visit to this country, preceding by nine months Pavlova's

English debut at the Palace, which was followed two years later by the arrival of Diaghilev's Company.

Though classed as a music-hall, the Coliseum differed from all others inasmuch as Sir Oswald Stoll insisted upon its catering for audiences likely to include a sprinkling of clerical collars. His determination to preserve an atmosphere of 'refinement' not only on the stage, but also behind the scenes, caused him to put up in each dressing-room a notice which read: 'Please do not use any strong language here'. Indeed Marie Lloyd entered the theatre merely as a spectator given a complimentary box; while Sophie Tucker, when top of the bill, had the curtain lowered on her act because she refused to cut a verse from one of her songs—an indignity which led her to shout at Sir Oswald: 'You shouldn't be the manager of a vaudeville theatre. You should be a bishop!'

The illustrations to this book are of unusual interest, particularly one of Sir James Barrie taking a rehearsal for the all-star Coliseum production of 'The Admirable Crichton'. Not easily explicable is the presence, among the galaxy of actors, of Bernard Shaw resting upon his umbrella.

Bismarck and the Hohenzollern Candidature for the Spanish Throne.

The Documents in the German Diplomatic Archives. Edited with an Introduction by Georges Bonnin.

Chatto and Windus. 42s.

This publication of documents includes those contained in some secret files which had been kept hidden at the German Foreign Office from 1870 to 1945: it is a stroke of luck that relatively little of the evidence with regard to the Hohenzollern candidature seems to have been destroyed except for the original Ems telegram. Here at any rate is enough amply to illustrate the methods used by Bismarck in order to induce one of the sons of Prince Karl Anton of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen to accept the Spanish crown; the Chancellor had already made one of them King of Roumania and he knew very well that the Spanish project was something which the French could but regard as menacing.

It was in February 1870 that the Spanish President, Prim, made a fresh advance to the Catholic branch of the Hohenzollern family. But of the princes available neither the Hereditary Prince Leopold nor his younger brother Frederick wished to go to Spain, and King William of Prussia, when consulted as the head of the family, had the sagacity to condemn the plan as highly dangerous. As his mother Princess Josephine wrote to Leopold on March 16, only Bismarck favoured the idea and 'I do not understand why you should . . . have to follow the great statesman's policy as if you were his tool and had no will of your own'.

The Princess's letter comes from the Sigmaringen Archives to which Professor Bonnin has had access too. Among them he has found Prince Karl Anton's Minute of the Crown Council held in Berlin on March 15, a meeting which in his memoirs Bismarck denied had taken

DIARY OF A VOYAGER

My Voyage Begins

Luggage aboard. A quick satisfied glance round and about my cabin. Then back to the ship rails to witness my parting from England. Cranes and locos throbbed and rattled. The last visitors had gone ashore. Handkerchiefs fluttered on the quayside. At last hawsers cast away—and the flutter down of the Blue Peter. With pilot aboard and cheeky little tugs fussing around we slid gently away.

England's coastline lingered in my binoculars — disappeared — and we were steaming down Channel along the lanes of shipping. There a collier out from Cardiff—to our starboard a coaster—there an Eastbound cargo ship—and coming toward us a proud liner making for Southampton.

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place. At it the Chancellor read out, *inter alia*, his Minute for the King dated March 9 in which one of his arguments had been that, if the Hohenzollerns refused, Spain would turn to the Wittelsbachs and 'would have a ruling house which looked for support to France and Rome'. Moltke and Roon supported him, and he appears to have converted the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia. But the Sigmaringen princes felt no 'vocation' and towards the end of April their refusal was conveyed to Madrid.

A few days before this Bismarck retired ill to bed at Varzin and claimed to be incapacitated until his return to Berlin on May 21, but he had lost no time in setting his secret agents, Bucher and Versen, in motion. Both of them, having returned from Spain, plied Prince Karl Anton with what the King of Prussia rightly called their 'sanguine' views of that country. Versen, whose diary is another of Professor Bonnin's finds, even claims to have told Karl Anton (on May 22) that France 'would keep quiet, if not it would be all the better for us', while Bucher in June is quoted as having remarked to the Prince that 'it was ancient Germanic usage for junior members of ruling houses to go forth to win crowns abroad'. At all events when on May 28 Bismarck wrote to Karl Anton to insist that German interests required a renewal of the candidature, the Prince acquiesced apparently with relief on June 1: on June 21 the King of Prussia gave his assent 'with a heavy heart' to Prince Leopold's acceptance. Bismarck had thus made sure of his war, for France was bound to be sceptical over the second Sigmaringen withdrawal on July 12. For the first time the story is clear, as clear as we can ever hope for it to be.

Several documents published here were partially known, but now the text is complete, and complete with the marginal notes of the King or of Bismarck. The mystery of the garbled telegram, which almost ruined Bismarck's plans by causing the Cortes to be dismissed on July 23 before the election of a king, is solved; a deciphering mistake was made by a clerk in the Prussian Legation in Madrid. If, by comparison with Professor Lord's *Origins of the War of 1870*, it is disappointing not to have the original texts, students know that they can seek them out at the Public Records Office.

Pre-Famine Ireland: A Study in Historical Geography. By T. W. Freeman. Manchester University Press. 35s.

Lord Chesterfield, who was Viceroy of Ireland in 1745, considered that poverty was the arch-enemy of the country; Arthur Young, writing in 1780, was of the same opinion; and in the pre-famine years the standard of living had not much improved. In 1841 about three-quarters of the Irish population were unable to read or write, bad housing was the rule, the Poor Law was sadly defective, beggary was rife, and so great was the congestion upon the land that a solution seemed impossible.

The first part of Mr. Freeman's book deals with population and emigration, agriculture, trade, industry and mineral resources, communications, and social problems. The second part comprises a study of town and country life in the Four Provinces. A number of useful tables and figures are given to illustrate such matters as the density of the population and the percentage of illiterates, and there are many excellent maps

and plans. The work, which is fully documented, is based mainly on the Census of 1841, but numerous Government Reports have been consulted, as well as the Ordnance Survey maps and the most important of the contemporary books and pamphlets. Mr. Freeman is also well acquainted with the actual 'face of the country' (from which he draws valuable conclusions), for he was for several years on the staff of Trinity College, Dublin, and so had every opportunity for making himself familiar with it.

Those who have studied the Great Famine in Ireland, read through government reports and the accounts of visitors, and examined contemporary pictures (in *The Illustrated London News*, for example), cannot fail to have been impressed with the horrors of the time and the sufferings of the people. But good came ultimately out of evil, for the drastic fall in the population (caused largely by emigration) considerably reduced the pressure upon the land, landlordism was undermined, and peasant proprietorship ensued.

The effects of the Irish Famine have been compared to those of the Black Death in England. It was indeed the 'great watershed' of Irish economic history.

Britain's Nature Reserves

By E. M. Nicholson. Country Life. 30s.

Naturalists old enough to remember the British countryside before the first world war—or even in the early 'twenties—are apt to find themselves troubled by some feelings of resentment when they discover that yet another of those stretches of glorious 'wild country' of former days has been subjugated to controls, and declared a nature reserve to which they are forbidden access. Second thoughts, however, can but agree that protection by control is necessary because the forces of destruction have grown with increasing speed during the last half century. Two wars have had their dire effects, but damage done to the countryside in the course of defence, the training of armed forces, or the production of food in desperate days must be accepted. The sad thing is that it is necessary to guard against the peacetime effects of man on his environment.

The one factor above all that has brought about this state of affairs is the invention of the internal combustion engine, that greatest of all disasters to overtake mankind during the twentieth century. The inevitable consequence was the introduction about 1925 of the cheap motor car, which within ten years spewed out over the countryside a class of people who had no conception either from breeding or education of how to behave towards the countryside and its wild life. It is easy enough to sneer about litter-scattering hooligans, but the vast majority of those who damage the countryside are culprits through ignorance and indifference rather than deliberate viciousness. The remedy lies in education, but education takes time, and something must be done to preserve the country's heritage of wild life before ignorance has destroyed it. Not only have new forces of destruction arisen, but old forces of protection have disappeared. For one thing we have almost succeeded in taxing the great landowners out of existence, and in consequence we now have to devote large sums of public money to conserving the lands that were once very efficiently maintained at their private expense. The devoted

efforts carried on for many years by various private bodies for the preservation of nature culminated in 1949 with the creation of the Nature Conservancy under the auspices of the Privy Council.

This book, by the Director-General of the Nature Conservancy, explains the aims and work of the Conservancy, and describes in varying detail all the nature reserves of different categories that are established in Great Britain. We can, as the author points out, trace an evolution of ideas from the time when nature was regarded as quite capable of taking care of itself, through the time when it was felt that no more was needed than protection of game for hunting and for food, and of big trees for the navy, to the realisation that there is a need for conserving the most extensive possible range of examples of what the flora and fauna and landscape were like before they were roughly interfered with or destroyed. But the task of preserving natural conditions is 'not simply one of putting a ring fence round certain wilderness areas and hoping for the best'; it depends on knowledge and therefore on research. Further, a great part of nature protection cannot be covered by legislation because it involves the protection of habitat, and that depends upon land use and management. The author enters at some length into the problems of the proper management of reserves, and discusses the extensive researches that must yet be undertaken to gain the necessary knowledge. The main part of the book gives descriptions of all the established reserves and draws attention to their features of special interest. The volume is generously illustrated with numerous excellent photographs.

The Way of Zen. By Alan W. Watts. Thames and Hudson. 25s.

Thirty years ago Zen in the West was little more than an enigma to scholars, a kind of lunatic aberration of Buddhist doctrine which no westerner could ever reasonably hope to fathom. Today there is a flourishing Zen institute in New York, crowded lectures on Zen in London, and the prospect of a Zen training school for westerners opening shortly in Japan. There is also an assured demand for books.

But it is hardly surprising, in view of the baffling nature of the subject, that the impressions of many westerners should remain confused. Indeed, Mr. Watts considers that not even among the works of the great Dr. Suzuki has there appeared a 'fundamental, orderly and comprehensive account' of Zen which includes its historical background and its relation to Chinese and Indian thought. It is just such an account which Mr. Watts, already well known as an authority from his short and lucid *Spirit of Zen* (1936), has now produced. He writes from the standpoint of an outsider sympathetic yet not 'committed', a scholar midway between the 'objective observer' and the enthusiastic disciple incapable of a disinterested view.

Here at last then we have an admirably lucid attempt in a western language to place Zen in the context of oriental religious history. Mr. Watts shows clearly in his early chapters how this strange doctrine developed in China, and later in Japan, both from the ideas implicit in the indigenous Chinese Taoism and from the Indian teachings contained in Mahayana Buddhism.

But in his treatment of Zen 'Principles and Practice' Mr. Watts' neutrality loses some of its friendliness. He thinks little, for example, of the modern Zen disciplines in meditation. These are to him a sad come-down from the teaching of the great Zen masters of the T'ang dynasty, who insisted that in Zen no fixed disciplines were possible, that the experience of sudden awakening, or 'seeing into one's true nature', was not to be attained as the result of conscious efforts to control the mind through meditative disciplines. Such efforts were held to be useless because they embodied the unworkable paradox of desiring a state of desirelessness, or attempting to grasp what was essentially ungraspable. One's true nature, the old Zen masters taught, was to be realised rather as a natural spiritual flowering, by a process of 'letting go' one's usual conception of the mind and its functions and bringing a new mode of consciousness to bear on the ordinary things of everyday life. The later Zen disciplines, evolved to save the sect from an extinction which might have followed such unsystematised teaching, are in a sense 'artificial'.

But for many they have done what was claimed, and Mr. Watts may seem to do them scanty justice when he compares them with putting lumps of lead in one's shoes in order to experience the relief of taking them out. The prescribed disciplines are certainly not the only paths to Zen experience, yet they have proved sure guides to many during the past 600 years. But these are minor criticisms. This is by far the most comprehensive work on Zen that has yet been written by a westerner. For those who read Chinese there is a useful appendix giving the Chinese originals of the quotations and technical terms. There are also a few photographs of Zen-inspired gardens and ink paintings.

Poems 1906 to 1926: Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated with an Introduction by J. B. Leishman. Hogarth. 25s.

What a prolific writer of poetry Rilke was! This volume contains 300 closely printed pages of lyrical writing from the last twenty years of the poet's life; it is a translation of the *Gedichte 1906 bis 1926* (1953) with the addition of some further material made available to the translator by Professor Zinn, who is in charge of the German edition of Rilke's works. The poetry here presented to English readers is, of course, only a part of Rilke's output during his later period; *The Duino Elegies* and the *Sonnets to Orpheus*, for instance, were translated by Mr. Leishman twenty or so years ago, and more recently *From the Remains of Count C. W.* and the *Correspondence in Verse with Erika Mitterer* have appeared from among the posthumous writings; nor is the verse written in French included in this present volume. Rilke was prodigal with his gifts, making little effort to collect his miscellaneous verse to ensure that it should not be forgotten. Although some of this poetry has been known a long time, much of the verse in this latest volume might have been lost, had it not been for the devoted labours of the poet's admirers.

A fair quantity of the material of the *Poems 1906 to 1926* is of an ephemeral and fragmentary character. There are numerous short inscriptions from copies of books which the poet

presented to friends, occasional pieces of light verse, and discarded drafts to poems that were later completed along other lines. However, much of this late poetry has a remarkable quality. Not devised to fit into a pre-ordained sequence, nor planned necessarily with publication in view, it exists in its own right, simply as poetry that Rilke wanted or had to write, as spontaneous and visionary as any work he produced. The reader need not feel that he must be looking hard for a message here; he may enjoy the poetry as poetry if he ignores the philosophical systematisation that some commentators have imposed on Rilke's work. As Mr. Leishman says of Rilke's later poetry: 'Its value lies, not in any doctrines or ideas that may be extracted from it and more or less systematically displayed, but precisely in what is unextractable, in its so intensely, vividly, concentratedly communicated acts and experiences and processes of apprehension and insight—or even at times, as some might be inclined to say, of hallucination'.

Rilke's German has occasionally led Mr. Leishman into curious English usage, as for example 'Unconcealed the land', 'our transformed selves', 'this so little him-concerning Then' or 'the on-gazeder world'. But frequently he catches the spirit of the original with delightful insight:

Exposed on the heart's mountains. Virgin rock
under the hands. Though even here
something blooms: from the dumb precipice
an unknowing plant blooms singing into the air.

Moscow-Peking Axis. By H. L. Boorman, A. Eckstein, P. Mosely and B. Schwartz. O.U.P. (for Harper). 28s.

The Communist seizure of power in China in 1949, followed in February 1950 by the conclusion of the Sino-Soviet Alliance, has led to a radical shift in the world balance of power. Some of the results of this have already been made painfully clear. Future developments are potentially even more menacing. Any serious study of the Moscow-Peking Axis and its strengths and strains must therefore be welcome.

Although viewed primarily from the standpoint of its impact on the United States, this alliance and its probable consequences have recently been subjected in America to an intensive examination by a Study Group of the Council on Foreign Relations, and the five analyses on which the discussions centred—each prepared by a recognised expert—have now been revised and brought together in book-form. The political impact, the economic pattern, the ideological aspect, potential points of friction in the borderlands, and the Axis as a factor in world politics are, each in turn, examined and discussed, while a most penetrating foreword has been provided by the Chairman of the Group.

To close observers of Sino-Soviet relations, the unanimous conclusion reached by these experts will come as no great surprise. Each analysis testifies to the unlikelihood of any breakdown of the Alliance in the foreseeable future. The possibility, even the probability, of dissension existing on certain matters at the present time or arising in the future is freely admitted, but the general deduction drawn from each analysis is well summed up in one of them: 'Shared political and strategic objectives provide the strongest incentive for both partners... to

bridge over even major conflicts of ideological outlook or economic interest'.

While an eventual clash of interests over the borderlands might seem possible, a good case is made for the belief that seemingly conflicting interests in these regions are largely illusory and that the new lines linking the main Soviet railway system with the main Chinese system, through Sinkiang and Outer Mongolia respectively, will, when completed, be mutually beneficial, providing the two allies with interior lines of communication largely invulnerable in the event of war.

Close as is the bearing of the Alliance on the question of expanding Communist influence in Asia, it is its impact on strategy and defence that comes in for particular attention. There is a well-reasoned examination of the pros and cons of continuing the embargo on the export of strategic materials to China and Russia, and with this goes the question, fully studied, of whether strains in the alliance can best be fostered by a policy of 'pushing them together' or 'pulling them apart'. The cogent point, however, is made—a point often overlooked—that if a serious rift between the two partners were brought about, the world situation might be worsened rather than improved. Moscow, for reasons elucidated in the analysis, is believed to exercise a restraining influence on Chinese aggressive tendencies, and this restraint would be removed if the Alliance broke down.

These are but a few of the points discussed in this important book, which also makes a close and penetrating examination of the strength and weakness of China's internal position. The ominous implications of the Alliance are crystallised in a passage in the concluding paragraph: 'For the next few years the primary challenge of the Moscow-Peking Axis is likely to be political, economic, and cultural in character, while the two partners go on building up their military power at top speed, to prepare for future contingencies and opportunities'.

Joseph Conrad and his Characters

By Richard Curle. Heinemann. 21s.

Characters are not people, as the yokel in the audience discovered when he offered Shakespeare's Richard III a horse for much less than a kingdom. Mr. Curle has taken six of Conrad's novels—*Lord Jim*, *Nostromo*, *The Secret Agent*, *Under Western Eyes*, *Chance*, and *Victory*—and isolated the principal characters. He explains, where Conrad hinted; he elaborates, where Conrad sketched. This is an interesting exercise which must have given great pleasure to the man whom Conrad described as 'the best friend my work has ever had'. But it is doubtful whether the book does Conrad any service.

It is true that there is in this novelist more than enough of the inscrutable, the indescribable, the mysterious, if not the downright nebulous. His characters are temptingly poised. Can we believe that he means them to be otherwise? Their significance is suggested in momentary situations, flashes that illuminate the part and indicate the whole. In fiction the whole man is too much. Mr. Curle attempts to fill out the elliptical characters, to make them into people. The result is a dullness not native to Conrad's figures. Good characters do not make good people: we recognise solidity in the purposeful hint, but the full figure is apt to seem alarmingly transparent.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

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Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Sport

AT THE TIME of writing I am still not exactly clear about what happened to Car No. 331, our own 'Sportsview' car, in the Monte Carlo Rally. I saw it set out hopefully in excellent shape from Paris with Peter Dimmock and Co. aboard; and I looked forward to following its progress: but in the event there was not much progress to follow apart from some film seen in 'Tonight' taken by Alan Prentice leaning out of the car *en route*, that showed the French landscape scudding by, and they were then going far too quickly for Mr. Dimmock's commentary to be audible. To hear him I was constrained to wait until he arrived in Monte Carlo, no longer in the Rally, to interview the more successful competitors after they had completed the stringent mountain course, a mere 650 miles more. Every average owner-driver will be grateful to the 'Sportsview' crew for their gallant practical demonstration of what is involved in this piece of calculated folly, but in terms of broadcasting a fuller and more coherent view of what the long grind is really like for the competitors was to be had from Raymond Baxter and his colleagues in the Light Programme.

One must not make it seem as if 'Sportsview' let itself be completely disrupted by the Rally to the exclusion of everything else. Far from it: in the generous amount of time allotted

to sport on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings it has ranged all round the world, even managing smartly to secure some film of Stirling Moss' splendid leap to victory in the Argentine Grand Prix in a British car. From Australia came vivid shots of the new youthful swimming champions, the boy Conrad and his sister, breaking world records, and showing a formidable determination in an interview afterwards to break more; and from nearer home there was Mrs. June Paul trying her hand at the increasingly popular sport of Judo, which, as she made clear, certainly separates the men from the girls.

Football gets, of course, the lion's share of the sport coverage at this time of year, and we were provided with long filmed extracts from the Fourth Round of the F.A. Cup. The game is a blind spot of mine, so I've really no right to comment, but it seems to lose almost everything (in particular observing the intricate strategy of an attack, surely one of its chief pleasures) when seen on television—everything bar the shouting, that is. I do wish, too, that we could have fewer interviews with taciturn centre-forwards about their teams' chances in a forthcoming match, and perhaps less hobnobbing with team managers. But no doubt I speak for a negligible minority.

Certainly some so-called minority sports do at present get rather a raw deal. Winter sports have, for instance, been almost totally ignored so far this year (even counting Alan Wicker's recent visit to a curling rink in Scotland in 'Tonight'); yet ski-ing, with its long British tradition, one would have thought eminently viewable, especially slalom racing. Squash is a winter sport of another kind that it might occasionally be fun to see on television. The rich sporting cake might in fact be cut into more slices each week without spoiling the party.

After so many news-shots of ice-bound roads followed by tight-lipped meteorologists prophesying further bleakness to come, it was a splendid idea of Peter Scott's to give us in the second 'Look' Heinz Sielmann's latest nature film of a 'Summer Meadow'. Our troubled thoughts were gently led away from preoccupation with snow-ploughs and unlagged pipes to watch the sweep of the scythe clearing the long grass and the humble bee emerging, a red admiral at the moment of hatching, and a grasshopper laying an egg. Herr Sielmann has developed a superb technique for filming natural life. He magnifies, accelerates, juxtaposes, and even distorts the view, but with a miraculous sense of preserving its natural rhythm. Where others wait outside the burrow for the animal to appear, he follows it down inside with his camera and shows it in its unfamiliar domestic surroundings. He deliberately avoids the sensational, and offers no great invitation to gape, finding some of his most extraordinary effects in such everyday occurrences as a cricket moving or a spider disposing of a victim.

This film, shown in the presence of its maker who commented on it in conversation with Peter Scott, was a major revelation; one of the minor revelations of television is the huge amount of enjoyment that may be packed into a quarter of an hour. It is one of its most insidious attractions, as was amply borne out by a handling of some 'Treasures from National Trust Houses' from the exhibition at Christie's by

Mr. J. F. Hayward, culminating in the sound of the music-box, now at Cliveden, that Byron left in Genoa on his last journey; and again, two nights later, in Mr. Frank Blackaby's elucidation of the Stock Exchange in 'Facts and Figures' with cheekily memorable animated charts by Alfred Wurmser.

For longer stuff, we still seem to be relying heavily on American documentary films. Two were shown this week, one about America itself from 1900 to 1914, 'The Innocent Years', the other about the rise and fall of Mussolini, 'Il Duce'; the scrapbook treatment was slick and succinct both times, and quite thorough as far as they went, but it would be nice some time to see something of this kind concocted in Lime Grove.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Greatness in Proximity

IT MIGHT HAVE HELPED viewers of last Sunday's play, 'The Dark is Light Enough', if some lines of Christopher Fry's explanation of his title had been put on the screen before the start. Fry quoted the naturalist, J. H. Fabre, on the long and tortuous but successful flight of a butterfly through absolute darkness. 'It arrived with its great wings intact . . . the darkness is light enough'.

In the play the darkness of a wintry war between Austria and Hungary in 1848-49 hangs over the mansion of an elderly countess who is herself an illumination of that world. Since she



Two of the 'Treasures from National Trust Houses' televised from Christie's on January 20: above, a Swiss musical box (which belonged to Lord Byron) from Cliveden House, Bucks.; below, porcelain figure of a harlequin (1740) from Fenton House, Hampstead



Two scenes from the American documentary film, produced by the Columbia Broadcasting System, 'Mussolini: the Rise and Fall of Il Duce' on January 24: above, the Duce with Hitler; below, a child Blackshirt giving the fascist salute

Photographs: John Cura





Scene from 'The Dark is Light Enough' on January 26, with Peter Wyngarde as Richard Gettner, Edith Evans as the Countess Rosmarin Ostenburg, and Daphne Slater as Gelda

is liberal, witty, and compassionate, and the war a struggling muddle in the snow, her house naturally becomes a recipient of refugees. One is her ex-step-son, a gifted, lazy eccentric who, though an Austrian, has joined the Hungarian army and then deserted. The main value of the play, however, is not in the comings and goings of the Countess' relatives and of the troops who are hunting for runaways: it lies in the quality of the spoken word and especially of those words spoken by the ageing and finally dying lady of the house. She is the majestic butterfly who, with the crimes, blunders, and follies of mankind crashing in at her doors, can still discover and reflect the light of benignity and of intelligence.

With Christopher Fry as author, never obviously forcing the poetical phrase or rhythm, yet constantly achieving poetical impact (it is worth remembering the definition of poetry as 'words raised to a higher power'), the play moves more like a piece of music than as a story of pursuit and escape dramatised for excitement's sake. One role is dominant. One voice must be dominant too.

Dame Edith Evans, who played the Countess at the Aldwych Theatre nearly four years ago, was now to be seen and heard in the closer quarters provided by television. The screen, losing something of a great player's personal magnetism, has compensation in proximity. The beauty of Dame Edith's performance reached its perfection in the closing scene when the end is coming and she announces that, 'Please God, in the last moment I will begin'. To be able to observe the detail of such a poignant but un-stressed performance and to see face to face is one of the great privileges of the television viewer, and here indeed was an opportunity to use it.

As the Countess' daughter Daphne Slater was quiet, unshowy, and effective. Of the men who are the moths of the play, lured by the central light that is the Countess, Peter Wyngarde, John Phillips, and André van Gysegem contributed notably to Stuart Burge's direction which sensibly left the words and Dame Edith to do their work.

The telerecorded plays from Canada are usually one of our better dollar imports. 'The Birthday Party', by Arthur Kavanagh (January 23) was an able essay in the vibration of the heart-strings. A widow is having a hard time to keep herself by working in a bacon factory. However, she is going to escape by marrying a gas-worker who has been so industrious and so thrifty that he is now proposing to give up his

labours, marry, and take his wife on a prolonged honeymoon of world travel. Fortunate Canada! In this country taxation would have put unpaid to all that economic planning.

But she has concealed the existence of her small son and her intended husband seems to be quite fiercely antifilial. The idea of trailing somebody else's brat over land and sea would shatter his expected bliss. What will he do when she admits the child? For forty minutes she was on the rack and kept us there with her. The boy, played by Master Rex Hagon, was, of course, irresistible in his simple faith in Mum, a faith unsickled

characters are bounded in their genteel nutshell; for them a journey from Hampshire to Bath or Lyme Regis is like ocean travel to us. So the camera can concentrate on a couple of drawing-rooms and stay conveniently static. 'Pride and Prejudice' (January 24) was the first of six weekly instalments of neatly packaged Austen. As directed by Barbara Burnham, the life at Netherleigh flowed gently between the Bennet and the Bingley menages. Marian Spencer fussed and fluttered to the full as Mrs. Bennet. Hugh Sinclair's Mr. Bennet I found rather dry in its crustiness. I fancy Elizabeth Bennet had more brains than Jane Downs' pretty performance suggested. Alan Badel's Darcy was admirable. Here was a man who could dominate any drawing-room assembly by simply looking straight over its head.

The Ted Ray Show (January 25) is usually one of the best of the Saturday Comicals. The idea of a ballet of sales-frantic shopping women was fresh, and the invasion of the bargain world by the pertinacious Ted and that abounding vessel of goodwill and bad management, Harold the brother-in-law, went most amusingly.

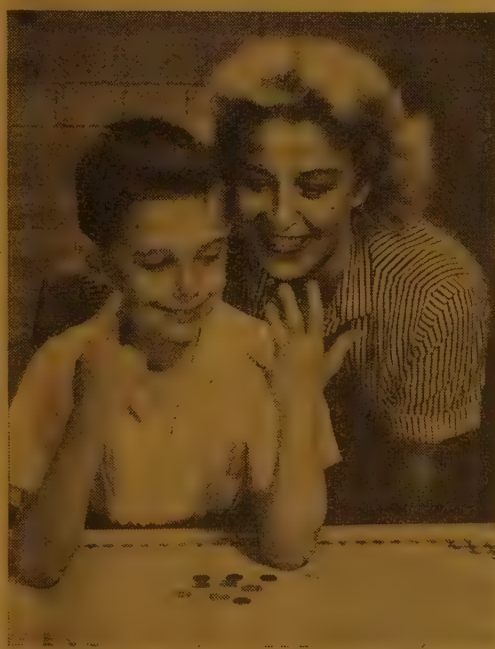
IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Theatre on the Air

WHEN DONALD McWHINNIE was telling me about the error of my critical ways in THE LISTENER last summer, he laid it down that 'the novel is closer to radio' than the stage play, and that 'the best radio drama . . . rarely has its roots in the theatre'. So that anyone who persists in wanting more good stage plays than adapted fictions and new scripts on the air has come to the wrong shop. Last week the Drama Department paid its production of 'Hedda Gabler' the richly deserved but almost unheard of compliment of a repeat performance on Monday night in the Home Service only two months after it had been first broadcast in that peak position. On the previous evening the Third Programme broadcast Henry Reed's translation of Ugo Betti's 'Corruption in the Palace of Justice'. Both—need I say?—are theatre plays. Both were admirably produced—by Donald McWhinnie. (The Betti, in another translation, called 'The Sacred Scales', was the first Betti play broadcast by the B.B.C.—we have had half-a-dozen others since and hope for more—only four years ago. It then seemed to Mr. McWhinnie, who sponsored the 'Twentieth-Century



Rex Hagon as Paulie and Muriel Cooper as Marie, his mother, in 'The Birthday Party' on January 23

by any sentimental writing. Children in any affair of this kind are innocent thieves; they inevitably steal the show. If the boy had not achieved the full cardiac vibration, Muriel Cooper, as his mother, finally faithful to home and duty and renouncing wedlock and world-travel, would have done the same anyway. Austin Willis made the frustration of the would-be globe-trotter moving too. So the boy was to be ever so happy with Mum, for which viewers must have been ever so glad after being ever so frightened that he might be dumped all forlorn in an Institution.

Jane Austen should be happily accommodated on the television screen. Her



Jane Downs (left) as Elizabeth Bennet and Susan Lyall Grant as Jane in the first episode of 'Pride and Prejudice' on January 24

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Theatre' series, only natural to broadcast thirteen good stage plays on successive Mondays. It is he, and not his critic, who has changed his mind.)

It may be, of course, that the 1958 Donald McWhinnie has placed himself under a self-denying ordinance to undertake the less suitable productions and leave the plums to others. Or it may be that his idea of what is first-rate drama in the air has changed less than he seems to say and the present policy of his department would lead us to suppose. We may get two adaptations from novels, and two original radio plays in, say, the current quarter that will make Ibsen and Betti seem mere interlopers on the air. If so I shall try to proclaim the fact and shall be delighted to be proved wrong in that way. But, provisionally, I must thank Mr. McWhinnie for proving my point more conclusively than I could hope to do by mere criticism. The point was that 'there are, and always will be, more great plays for radio stemming from the theatre than great plays for radio derived from novels, or in original scripts'. Which is why I so tediously keep on about the present policy of cutting down on stage plays, almost to the point of cutting them out of everything but the shortened Third Programme.

The cast of 'Hedda Gabler' included Peggy Ashcroft, Micheál Mac Liammóir, Rachel Kempson, and Michael Warre; that for the Betti play, Harry Andrews, Stephen Murray, Ernest Milton, and Donald Pleasence. By the time this is in print we shall have heard Robert Harris, Alec Clunes, Joan Miller, and Mark Dignam in 'King John'. I mean no offence to many fine radio actors when I remark that it is rarely indeed that we find casts of this strength in broadcasts of adapted novels or in original radio plays. If we heard Dame Peggy on the air last year in full-length drama productions it was in Shakespeare and Ibsen; if we heard Sir John Gielgud, it was because he played Coward and Rattigan. It may also be that these distinguished stage players share the unfortunate theatrical bias of which I am accused. Or is it that they, too, know what is good drama for radio or anywhere else and what is not so good, though not therefore necessarily negligible? Not only our chance of hearing many of the best plays, but of hearing some of the best players, is bound up with the Drama Department's depreciation of drama that 'has its roots in the theatre'.

Anyway, I think most listeners would agree with me that the four performances I mentioned in the Betti play last week were individually and collectively outstanding; and that Mr. McWhinnie was in top form in producing the sinister, timeless, placeless atmosphere in which those performances could find their full effect. This was the gifted producer of 'All That Fall' (now there was a radio script; if you like, but how many of them are there?) applying the same macabre master-touch. Donald McWhinnie can work up more alarming atmospheres on the air than any other producer I can think of, with the possible exception of D. G. Bridson.

I don't say that a stage play needs no adaptation for broadcasting. Possibly the three minor judges in the Betti play should have been rolled into one for radio, to avoid confusion in the early stages between eight male voices with strange surnames. Perhaps the girl who is the figure of innocence (Perlita Neilson), who only says 'Good morning' in Act I and, at the end of Act II, gets in less than 100 words before her suicide while the actor speaks more than twenty times as much, needed some slight vocal reinforcement for what would have been an eloquent silent presence on the stage. Maybe the Catholic dramatist intended a hint of redemption at the end; who but the man who confesses to the death of innocence and consciousness of guilt could sit in judgement on other men? But

what a play. What a performance. And what a production! More, please.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

"In Our Time"

Once we had a country and we thought it fair,
Look in the atlas and you'll find it there:
We cannot go there now, my dear, we cannot
go there now . . .

SINCE THE nineteen-forties, when Auden wrote those lines in his 'Refugee Blues', millions of people, driven from Europe by persecution or poverty, have found a new life elsewhere, and Sunday's documentary 'People on the Move'—the first of two programmes—told us about some of them. It was an optimistic story, for not only do the immigrants need the work and freedom which the new countries can offer, but the new countries need the refugees, both for the work they will do and, what is at least equally important, for the cultural traditions they bring with them. But it wasn't all peptalk and challenge: the difficulties—native suspicion, language barriers, nostalgia for what had to be left behind—were squarely faced. There were some effective dramatisations: the months and years in transit camps (the sick and old may get no further), the stamping of endless documents, the man from a Communist regime who would not give his name lest he endanger friends who had not yet escaped, I could have done without that phoney figure from the advertisements, the man with sales-resistance who has to keep saying 'Ah, but what happens to them then?' in order that we may be still further impressed: a subject of this dignity doesn't need outworn technical devices. And the second half of the programme, after we had accompanied a plane-load of immigrants to Rhodesia, was over-weighted with official propaganda. But what remained were the voices of real people, representing more than themselves: representing, if you like, the mixed world-citizenship of tomorrow.

Mr. Jon Silkin's documentary, 'People In Coffee Houses' (Monday, Home), was obviously meant to be—to borrow the appropriate phrase from one of the speakers—'dead gen'. We started off with the history of coffee bars: an attempt to introduce into our drab post-war society some of the gaiety, spontaneity and cheapness of continental *café* life, or something. But what a lot of reach-me-down philosophy one seems to have to swallow with one's foaming cappuccino. One cynical proprietor said straight out that only the skiffle groups, who need an audience, are genuine: he was scornful about the painters who never paint, the writers who never write. The real ones, he said, are at home, 'bashing it out'. It certainly sounded like it. Out tumbled all the old catch-phrases, 'We'd like to be committed', said one voice. 'The Establishment . . .', said another. Somebody asked 'Have you ever heard of Notting Hill Gate?' At this point, as I had, I switched off.

On Tuesday, in Network Three's 'Talking of Films', two of Italy's best directors, de Sica and Visconti, discussed neo-realism. De Sica rightly pointed out that what has made this style significant isn't just its documentary aspect but the eternal human problems which it symbolises through some particular investigation. Thus, 'Umberto D' wasn't merely about an old man trying to live on his pension in a period of inflation, but about the solitude of humanity. Visconti, who has recently abandoned neo-realism for something called neo-romanticism, was more evasive. He spoke of the dangers of being tied to a formula, though if you think of the influence this formula has had outside Italy—on Kazan, for instance—it is hard to see

how it can restrict anyone. And I was surprised at the importance attached to 'Osessione', that heavy old-fashioned remake of 'The Postman Always Rings Twice'. But both these artists were eloquent on the responsibilities of their art to humanity.

Very much of our time, too, was Wednesday's discussion in the Third's 'Frontiers of Psychiatry' series, which now that it has settled down to specific areas of research has become most valuable. This programme, 'The Individual and the Group', was about the social aspects of mental illness, the grim correlation between anxiety-neuroses and the lonely anonymous bed-sitting-room life lived by so many millions in the no-man's-land of the modern city. Such people, cut off from their families, having no world to accept, belonging nowhere, are moral and spiritual refugees, not from poverty or oppression but from the fears and pressures of living what statistically is a normal pattern of life today.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

Revolution in Art

FRANCIS POULENC selected for his latest opera, commissioned by Messrs. Ricordi for the Scala Theatre and broadcast last week from Covent Garden, one of the most piteous episodes in the French Revolution—the execution of sixteen nuns from the Carmelite Convent at Compiègne for no reason but that they held firm to their vows. A surprising subject for the one-time *blagueux*, the very embodiment of all that 'Les Six' were supposed (but mostly didn't) stand for! But Poulenc, turned serious composer, has added many inches to his stature, as his church music shows. He has not radically changed his style. It remains slight, lyrical, eclectic in inspiration and limpid in texture. The music of 'The Carmelites' makes no very strong impression (save perhaps, in two scenes) on its own account, but it does marvellously inform and illuminate Bernanos' text, heightening its emotional effect and also sharply defining the various characters. That is to say it is good opera.

At first sight Bernanos' 'Dialogues' seemed unpromising material for a libretto. Designed originally for a film, they explore nice points of theology as well as the more obviously dramatic subject of the psychology of fear. By adapting Debussy's method in 'Pelléas' and running the brief scenes into a continuous long act, Poulenc successfully overcomes the cinematic construction. And by his keen dramatic sense he nearly always contrives to make the 'action' interesting even though it is mostly internal action taking place in the minds and hearts of the characters. Exceptionally he fails in the two scenes in which the newly elected Prioress (sung by Joan Sutherland who could not, therefore, wholly avoid some conventional operatic acting in an attempt to make them effective) addresses the members of her community. Otherwise, he never fails to hold one's attention.

Poulenc's most remarkable feat, perhaps, is his successful handling of the final scene where the Prioress and fifteen nuns go to their execution, one by one. A simple chant, thinning out as one by one the voices are silenced, a quite unrealistic treatment of the thud of the falling blade, and the avoidance of any emphasis upon the watching crowd—no horrid *tricoteuses* or jeering cries—combine to produce a sense of serenity and devotion purged of all the brutal reality of the guillotine.

The singers, all drawn from Covent Garden's permanent company, and the orchestra under Rafael Kubelik did full justice to this beautiful work, which, if it does not rank as a great masterpiece, is deeply moving in its simple nobility and sincerity. In the broadcast, at least,



Deft flicks of small levers control tons of glowing metal in the first stage of rolling at Lackenby. When it is finished, the Universal Beam Mill here will produce steel beams in all shapes and sizes.



Stanley Curphey (right), steelworks superintendent, talks with Jack Smith, chairman of the Lackenby Trade Union branch. Friendly contact at man-to-man level may explain the absence of industrial strife.

Tomorrow clamours for steel —and the steel is coming

By GRAHAM HUTTON

(PICTURES BY IVOR SHARP)

Demand for steel is advancing. Atomic power stations; fly-over road junctions; new, more complicated equipment for the world's industries; our own industries — all clamour for steel. To meet this challenge, the Steel Industry has planned to raise steel output by another third by 1962. What does this mean in terms of men and money?

THE legendary site of the Garden of Eden is in Iraq. There the supposed Tree of Knowledge is shored-up on a girder of steel — like bridges and buildings throughout the world — bearing the names "Dorman Long." I thought I would go to the steel mills whence it came.

From old works in Middlesbrough this famous concern has spread down-Tees, modernising, expanding. High-capacity automatic ore-unloaders were the first step in post-war progress. Then came the open-hearth steel plant at Lackenby, two large blast-furnaces, and a blooming mill and medium section mill. The post-war developments of Dorman Long alone required investment of about £60 millions.

One building three-fifths of a mile long

The biggest project, due for completion this year, is the first of its kind in this country. It is a combined Universal Beam and Heavy Section mill. It will roll out solid beams of steel in one piece in their proper shapes and sizes, to hold anything from bridges to skyscrapers. It is three-fifths of a

mile long — one building.

You quickly see that millions of pounds go into incredibly complex apparatus. Electronic computers; gigantic shafts and universal-joints to drive rollers; massive rollers and cooling-beds.

But money has to *come* from somewhere. Steel prices (which are fixed by the State-established Iron and Steel Board) are calculated to furnish some of the new capital required out of profits. But taxes take about 50% of profits. So one-third of the capital required will probably have to be raised from people's savings in the open market.

If you sink a lot of profits and other savings in costly equipment you must see that it earns its keep and a fair return on those savings. That thought keeps steel companies on their toes. And that is where Management comes in.

What does good Management do?

At Dorman Long, production rose over 50% from 1946 to 1952. More continuous use of plant meant that Management could take on 12% more workpeople, raise pay, improve deliveries, yet keep costs below the average rate of rise — even *before* the

Lackenby plant began production in 1953. Meanwhile the new ore-preparation plant cut costs and helped to increase output. It knocked 15% off the coke needed to make a ton of iron. Better use of all capital led to better pay, more employment, better service.

Management means men. Industrial relations in steel are probably the best in all industry. Apart from the General Strike in 1926 there has been no official strike by the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation for 50 years. Modern apparatus demands *more* skilled labour, not less. Dorman Long were the first company in the steel industry to introduce the "sandwich" course to train supervisors and managers. They offer outstanding employees all the Company's support, and turn them into managers. After 20 years of such industrial democracy, Dorman Long are reaping a fine crop of talents, trained "all round the shop." Management in steel knows its men. It has to.

Like all "human interest stories," this story has no elaborate plot. Like them, it is never-ending. Human brains invent new uses for steel every day. Britain's Iron and Steel Industry is abreast, if not ahead, of those of America or Germany. Its relations with workpeople, customers and suppliers, are excellent. It has made ambitious plans, and is swiftly fulfilling them. Steel is serving us well.

This personal report was invited by the British Iron and Steel Federation, which believes that every one in Britain should know the facts about steel, and about the men and organisations that make it.

the words came over well, which is of the utmost importance in this kind of work. The production, too, was excellent, except in the handling of the revolutionary crowd in the second act, which is, indeed, ill-defined and, according to the score, should be heard but hardly seen. The death of the old Prioress, who makes a 'bad' end so that the timid Sister Blanche may make a good one, was treated in a conventionally theatrical style, with the poor old woman tottering about to a 'stage-fall', quite at variance with the spirit of the scene.

Another revolution, the abortive Russian one of 1905, is commemorated in Shostakovich's latest Symphony, which was given its first performance at the Royal Festival Hall by the B.B.C. Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent on Wednesday of last week, and repeated on

Saturday in the Third Programme. I listened dutifully to both performances, in the hope that a second hearing might discover virtues in this long and rambling composition that were not apparent during the first.

The symphony has a 'programme' of four continuous scenes, and the best I can say of it is that it has some dramatic moments that would be effective in the theatre. As a symphony it resembles the worst kind of 'history-painting' in which the painter imagines that in reconstructing the image of some heroic or memorable event he is creating a work of art. Shostakovich has realistically depicted a brutal massacre with life-like effects of musketry and trampling troops and panic-stricken crowds. But there is no real organisation of the essentially mediocre material into symphonic form. The best of the work is

the ominous opening, but why it is ominous never appears, because there is no sense of direction or purpose. Had the work been concentrated into half its length it might have had some merit, though the banal themes and their even more banal treatment are not of the quality that makes great symphonies.

Sir Malcolm also conducted earlier in the week another serious work by an inveterate joker—Rossini's 'Petite Messe Solennelle', which, I suggest, owes its misleading title to Rossini's modesty *vis-à-vis* the great Solemn Mass of his admired Beethoven. For all his jocular comments on the score, Rossini was perfectly serious when he composed it, and it was treated with a proper seriousness in this excellent performance which used the orchestral version.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Tippett's Second Symphony

By SCOTT GODDARD

The Symphony will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, February 5, at 9.5 p.m. on Saturday, February 8 (both Third)

I AM going to quote a sentence from an article by Michael Tippett because I feel that it explains his attitude now as much as when he wrote it five years ago, and explains also the mingling of the romantic and the classic in him: 'I consider the general classicising tendency of our day less as evidence of a new classic period than as a fresh endeavour (fresh, that is to say, after the first romantics) to constrain and clarify inchoate material'. That endeavour is evident in the Second Symphony where in all four movements the material is abundant, elaborate, and effervescent, so that continually one recognises the vision of the romantic and feels his nervous touch. The constraint of the classicist and his clarifying, cool appraisal of this ebullient material has been at work, often hard put to it, one imagines, in imposing order upon impulse. The intensity of this struggle has left a mark on every page of the Symphony. Out of it the music has grown; from it the work has gained impetus.

Michael Tippett at fifty-three is now a composer of achievement. There is now enough to give a clear picture, and certain outstanding events may be listed here for guidance:

- 1935: String Quartet in A.
- 1938: Fantasy Sonata for piano.
- 1939: Concerto for double-string orchestra. (With that work he became a composer of standing.)
- 1941: 'A Child of Our Time' (oratorio).
- 1942: Second String Quartet.
- 1943: 'Boyhood's End' (cantata).
- 1945: First Symphony.
- 1946: Third String Quartet.
- 1952: 'Midsummer Marriage' (opera).
- 1957: Piano Concerto.

This list is only a selection, omitting important works among which is a Symphony in B flat, dated 1934, and since then withdrawn. A withdrawn work is respected as such; yet we may be allowed to mention it as a lively ghost. It made an impression that somehow time has not eradicated.

Tippett's earliest symphony was attractive to some who heard it and in its way memorable, at any rate as music that had once stimulated us and still has power to retain our interest. That he will have none of it now is understandable; his mind has entertained other thoughts. But future enquirers, if permitted, will turn to it, seeking the first signs of Tippett's individual style.

Between that work and the first acknowledged symphony his individuality was expressed with increasing vigour. By the time that the Concerto

for strings had appeared—its general style one of robust, terse discussion resolved in the third and last movement where a resplendent melody takes charge and ends the work in a blaze of positively Handelian affirmation—Tippett's voice, as might be said of a young poet at the threshold of his first maturity, forced us to pause and listen.

Within the next few years the impact of Tippett's thought had become more forcible, certainly keener, when to the suggestibility of the string writing in the Concerto was added the direct statement of words dealing with an explicit situation, one of horror, shame, and overwhelming pity, in 'A Child of Our Time', the story of an assassination followed by a pogrom. This was a tale of contemporary happenings that demanded and was given music of acute dramatic intensity for its telling and deep poetic feeling for its commentary. Musically the oratorio is extremely interesting, with its vocal texture rich in contrapuntal devices which, to the eye, appear uncouth until the ear discovers their ease and beauty. (The look of a Tippett score can be exasperatingly misleading.) In certain of the solo arias there is a sensitive elaboration that is near to the extraordinary bravura of 'Boyhood's End'.

That notable contribution to the repertoire of the more able tenors and pianists came to light within the next couple of years, and two years later, the war that had occasioned 'A Child of Our Time' now ended, Tippett returned to the unqualified abstraction of instrumental techniques and produced 'Symphony 1945', which became on publication the First Symphony.

Tippett is one of the few composers in this country who can, or at least will, explain themselves. Before the first performance (Liverpool, 1945) of this symphony he gave an explanatory talk, one of the most notable examples of this difficult art I have ever come across. He said: 'When you hear this new symphony I hope you will feel something of the delight of watching while musical material moves with a pattern behind it; the delight in craftsmanship and creation that is probably the most permanent and rewarding joy that music has to give'. That is valid at this moment when another new symphony is ready for those who share the composer's interest in musical material for its own sake, in its 'clarity and gaiety, in motion and in growth'. All of that may be experienced while listening to Tippett's Second Symphony. Tippett's statements of his aims are valuable to the listener, inestimably so to an analytical

commentator. I draw gladly on notes supplied by the composer.

Tippett's Second Symphony was commissioned by the B.B.C. and the composer notes with gratitude that no time limit was set for the period of composition which ended on December 13 last. 'The exact moment when the Symphony began was when listening to a tape of a Vivaldi Concerto for Strings in C, while looking out over the sunlit Lake of Lugano', he says as he recalls how some pounding bass arpeggios in the Vivaldi moved him, so that he knew that there, in fact, was the beginning of a new orchestral work. Four pounding bass Cs begin the Symphony and they are the fundamental basis of the coda that ends it.

The first of the four movements, the longest, is marked *allegro vigoroso* and is described by the composer as a sonata movement (it has, in fact, the accustomed contrasted subjects, the first being a succession of bare horn fifths broken in upon by bright, vociferous passages for high strings, the second a soft contrapuntal texture for high woodwind) and the composer notes also the length and 'developmental nature' of the coda.

The succeeding *adagio* is planned as a song-form slow movement with the main subject as a duet of cellos transformed later into one of violins. Accompanying chords which sound like descending or ascending arpeggios with each note held until the full chord is there, are said to be as though hanging from the sky. There is remarkable soft, urgent writing for full strings, an impressive recurrent figure of wide intervals for trumpet, clarinet, and suchlike, and vivid ornamentation shared between harp and piano.

The Scherzo is a swift contest between long beats in threes and short beats in twos. It starts quietly, comes to a climax of power as the contest gets closer, then ends as it began.

The finale, marked *allegro moderato*, is in the form of an introduction, percussive and ejaculatory, followed by a set of short variations. A change then comes over the music when very high violins begin a long melody that descends through violas and cellos until, at the finish of its lengthy journey, it reaches its final bass. Then the coda, founded on the opening bars of the first *allegro*, and so the work ends. 'The ideal of the work has been unity in variety; a more imaginative musical material and orchestral writing than before, within a classically controlled form'. That is the composer's final word. An analyst can only add that study of this score has been an exciting experience.

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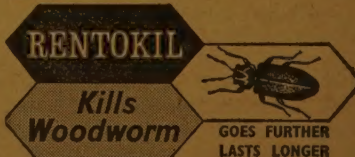


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OYSTER AND MUSSEL CANAPÉS

OYSTER canapés sound luxurious, but you can buy very good button oysters from 5s. 6d. a dozen, and the delicious Helford River oysters are even cheaper. If you are going to serve oysters as cocktail canapés they will have to be cooked. As they are very wet they must be dried on a clean cloth first. Then dip them into egg and breadcrumbs twice, fry them in butter, and put them on a fried crouton of bread. Do not put them on to toast because toast becomes so soggy. Fried bread will remain crisp for three to four hours. Put beside them a bowl of *sauce tartare*, or something similar with a piquant flavour, and little wooden cocktail sticks to spear the oysters and dip them into the sauce.

A suggestion for a hot oyster canapé is the old Edwardian savoury 'Angels on Horseback'. Keep as much of the liquor out of the oysters as possible and simmer them in this. Then, having cooked them very gently, wrap them in a thin rasher of fat bacon, tie them with a thread, spear them with a little wooden cocktail stick, and grill or fry them. Serve them on fried croutons of bread.

If you think you would like to try mussels instead, they are much cheaper and, I think, just as nice. Mussels must be washed very well indeed in several waters, and the beards must be taken off. The beards are the little seaweed bits that hang down from the mussel. They come off easily with a sharp knife.

Put the mussels into a strong pan, with no liquid whatsoever, sprinkle over a shallot, and if

you like put a bay leaf and a sprig of thyme on the top, cover with a lid and shake them over a good heat. (If you found mussels that were broken or were already open, do not cook them, cook only the whole ones.) Having cooked them, strain the liquid from them: about three-quarters to a pint and a half of liquid will come from two quarts of mussels. Strain it through a piece of muslin, mix it with two to three tablespoons of white wine, a little lemon juice, and a spoonful of oil, add seasoning and chopped parsley, pour it over the mussels, and serve them cold. If you have time before serving, I should loosen the mussels in their shells and leave one mussel in each shell.

IRIS SYRETT

INDIAN CURRY

I would like to give you a simple recipe for a curry taught me by our old family cook in Delhi. When cooking in England I use butter instead of the clarified butter usually used in India, and ground curry powder which I buy from one of the many Indian shops in London. I find the best meat to use is veal, as it has little fat, cooks quickly, and has no strong smell. Chicken also makes a delicious curry. The following recipe is for four people.

First, melt four ounces of butter in a heavy pan. Put in a large onion, finely chopped, and two cloves of garlic, and fry until brown. Mix a heaped tablespoon of curry powder with water to form a paste, and add this to the pan. Keep stirring on a medium flame until the fat seems

to separate from the rest. It may be necessary to add water during this process to prevent burning and sticking, but add only a little at a time. This is a rather tricky part of the operation, because if you cook the spices too much they burn, and if too little they taste raw when the curry is ready.

Add a pound and a half of diced meat and brown it all over. Add about four tinned tomatoes, and a jar of yogurt, or the juice of half a lemon. Add salt to taste and barely cover the meat with hot water. Cover the pan and cook slowly until the meat is tender. Add a cupful each of green peas and diced potatoes and continue cooking until the vegetables are ready.

ROMA LOBAN

Notes on Contributors

NINETTA JUCKER (page 185): Rome correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian*

H. G. NICHOLAS (page 187): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University; author of *The British General Election of 1950*, etc.

W. B. THOMPSON (page 188): leader of the Theoretical Thermonuclear Research Group at the Atomic Energy Establishment, Harwell

L. D. ETTLINGER (page 193): on the staff of the Warburg Institute, London University; lectures on the history of art at Reading University

H. N. Southern (page 195): Senior Research Officer, Bureau of Animal Population, Oxford

Crossword No. 1,444.

Worldly Wise.

By Wray

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 6. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Solvers are to envisage a terrestrial globe with its hemispheres separated by a shaded band containing (commencing at 17) a short popular phrase descriptive of what (geographically) this band represents. The longitudinal lights occur as hidden anagrams in the two quoted paragraphs.

One nine-letter light is reversed. All these lights are clued in their proper longitudinal sequence. Latitudinal lights are clued normally. Accents, etc., can be ignored.

LONGITUDINAL CLUES (1 to 29)

a. 'Quite content, he spent the evening safe and sound gardening, sublimely indifferent to the incipient rain.

A small hailstone smacking against his chin gave a stern reminder of the sombre enveloping gloom'.
b. (2, 3, 4, etc.) 'Most artists live in Paris in attics with dark entrances and study long days in a grim Cimmerian atmosphere which saps at least a part of their energies, benumbs ideas, and even subdues their crass enthusiasm'.

LATITUDINAL CLUES

2. A nation's gone mad over this music (8)
6. 'This long —, my life' (7)
9. Five and one repeated quite quickly (6)
10. Instrumental in making a German deaf! (4)
11. It's not quite cooled — strike (4)
12. Select a thankless tale-bearer (4)
13. Missile which might recoil on one (5)
14. Physicist suggests a bi-lingual announcement of parenthood (6)
18. Vegetable, bleat about matting (6)
19. The League takes the cake and the penny (4)
20. Night fliers return for the attempt (4)
- 21R. Calling old lake about half-time (6)
23. Shoddy saint. He's no mug, anyhow (5)
24. The first person in Berlin (3)
25. Half a Scotch city rebuilt in a valley (4)
26. A part in a Puccini trio (4)
27. With 24 a scot might drink from it (3)
28. Listen with half a score to encourage (4)

Solution of No. 1,442

1	T	O	W	S	A	R	I	S	T	E
2	I	L	S	I	T	I	N	U	T	E
3	I	L	I	N	S	O	T	I	S	U
4	L	L	G	R	A	M	E	L	R	U
5	T	A	B	I	C	P	W	A	Y	K
6	E	P	P	E	C	M	E	F	S	I
7	Y	V	O	R	V	A	C	O	I	A
8	I	A	M	F	E	T	L	V	W	K
9	R	Y	I	N	F	A	R	S	E	P
10	A	N	F	W	U	E	X	I	T	C
11	K	T	I	C	O	J	I	T	E	G
12	O	F	L	S	H	Y	T	S	T	H

NOTES

Prefixes, a to m: Amb, arch, con, dia, endo, in, meta, non, over, per, tri, ultra, un.

Suffixes, n to z: Ac, al, ate, ed, ence, er, est, ing, ite, ly, ness, or, ter.

Since a few of the affixes used could be either prefixes or suffixes, some alternatives are possible. Every admissible alternative has been accepted as a correct solution.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: H. W. Horton (Hatch End); 2nd prize: J. T. Oliver (Lewes); 3rd prize: H. Rainger (London, S.W.6)

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